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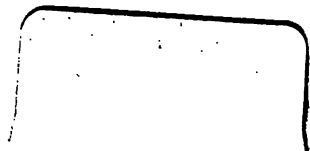
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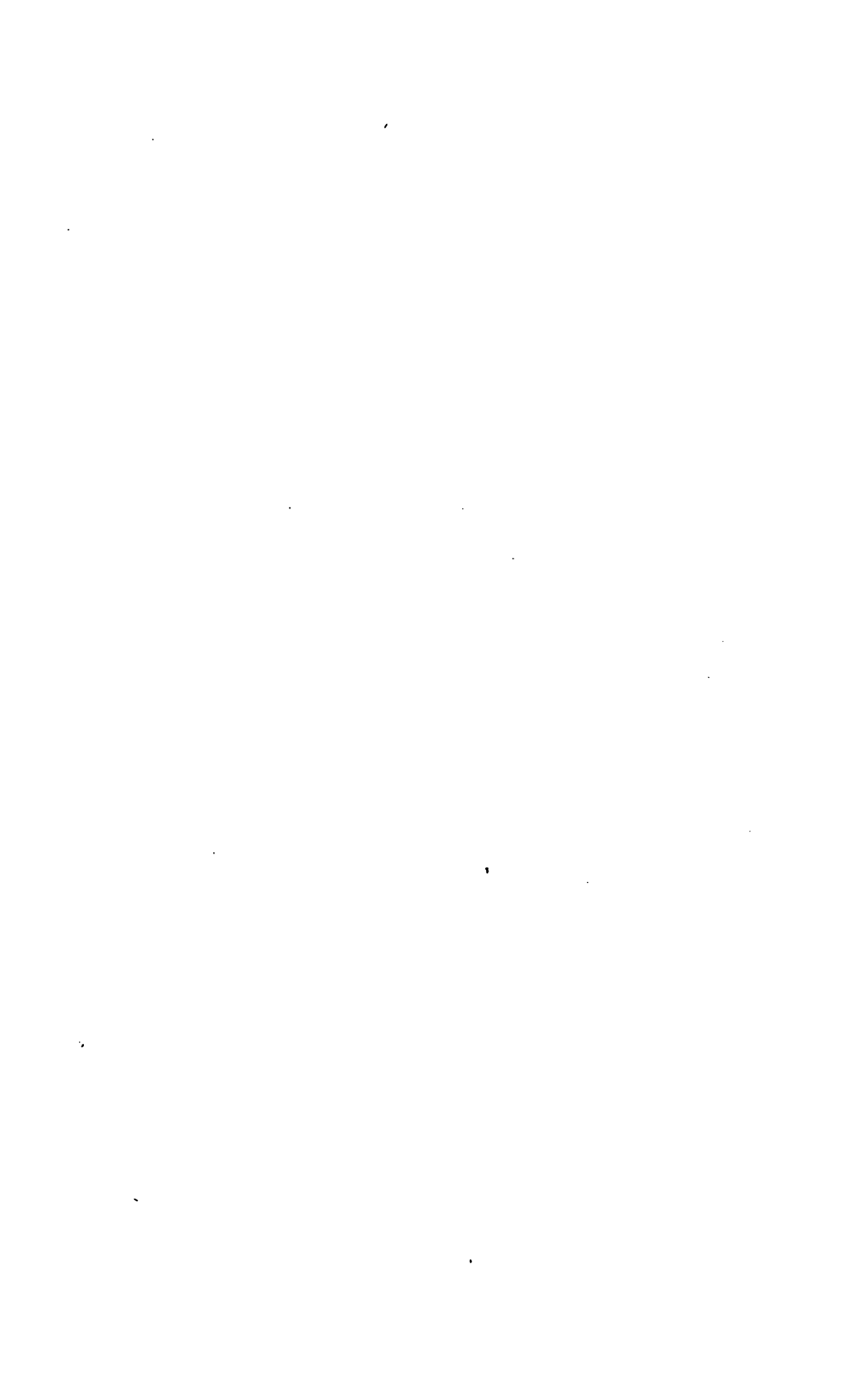
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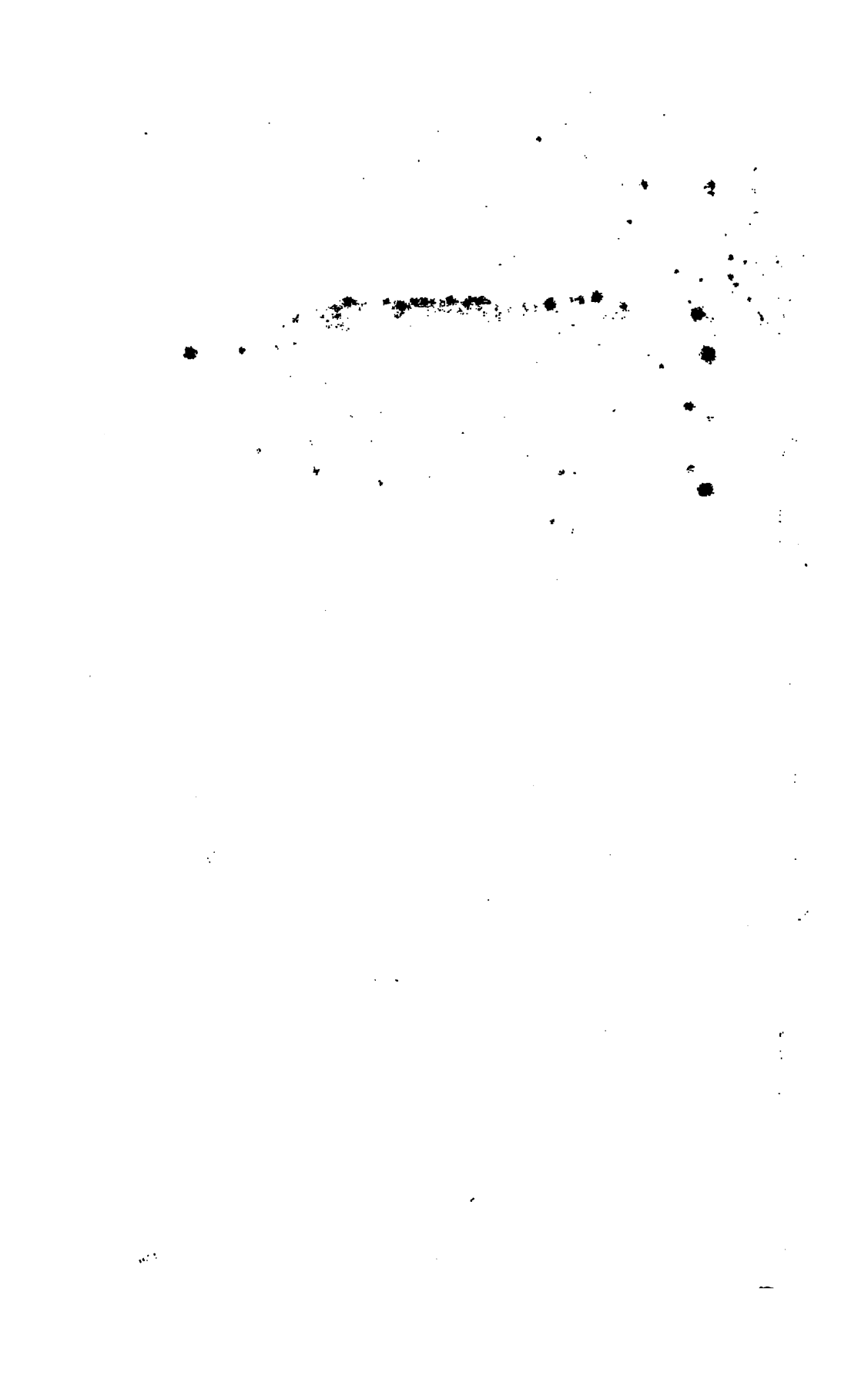


PORTRAITS IN MINIATURE ;

OR,

TABLEAUX DU CŒUR.







Painted by G. Veronese.

Engraved by V. Tocchini.

THE PLATONIC SCHOOL

NO. 1

M. J. Jewsbury

LONDON: GEORGE ALLEN & UNWIN, 1907





Painted by G. Kneller

Engraved by J. C. Kneller

MISS J. J. J. J. J.

M. J. Jewsbury

1857





PORTRAITS

IN

MINIATURE;

OR,

TABLEAUX DU CŒUR.

By *Henrietta J. Fry,*

AUTHOR OF "THE PASTORS LEGACY," "HYMNS OF THE REFORMATION,"

ETC.

"With what emotion we contemplate a great example,
and eagerly adopt a brother or sister of the heart from the
regions of death or poetry!"

JOHN FOSTER.

LONDON :

CHARLES GILPIN, 5, BISHOPSGATE STREET WITHOUT ;

DANIEL VICKERY, 26, BROAD STREET, BRISTOL ;

JOHN HEWETT, PARADE, LEAMINGTON SPA ;

MARPLES & CO., LIVERPOOL.

1848.



TO
MY FRIEND AND KIND PHYSICIAN
HENRY JEPHSON, M. D.

THESE ESSAYS,
THE FRUIT CHIEFLY OF LEISURE HOURS AT LEAMINGTON,

ARE
AFFECTIONATELY PRESENTED
BY THE AUTHOR.

Leamington,
4th Month (April,) 1847.

“HERE shall the pencil bid its colours flow,
And make a miniature creation grow.”

GAY.

PORTRAITS IN MINIATURE.



Language, the faithful utterance of the heart,
First gave these forms a being ; and the hues
Of mingled thought, by memory's pencil drawn,
Portrayed that spirit-likeness.



TO THE READER.

THE author is anxious, on this tablet, to make an *amende honorable* for any transgression which she may have committed in the execution of her delicate task ; whether by extending the hand of friendship too liberally, or whether by uttering words of ungentleness towards a brother or a sister ;—however this may be, she hopes that her thoughts have been thoughts of peace,—sincere, cordial, and affectionate : and whilst it is a happiness to be spared the pain of judging our neighbour, she claims for herself the mantle of that charity which “suffereth long and is kind.” At the same time she hopes to be forgiven, if in making this little offering of the heart, she should have paid a conscious disregard to the diversities of sect or party ; and whilst it is good that we individually, hold fast the profession of our faith without wavering, is it not a privilege also, to embrace the whole brotherhood of the Church ; whilst we realize the cementing language of the Apostle—“Ye are all one in Christ Jesus.”



P R E F A C E.

I ONCE chanced to wander into the flower-garden of thought, and there to my delighted perception, I found congenial spirits, with whom I took sweet fellowship, almost as though they had been present with me. And whilst we thus communed in heart and mind, this delightful interchange became deepened and expanded ; and I could well rejoice in the conviction that the soul has, even in this life, something of an ethereal existence, and that it is qualified to mingle with that spiritual essence which is of a being kindred with its own. Thus, in imagination, I received visits from the wise and good ;—and how could I reject such companionship ! whilst it gave me an elevating pleasure to embody on the tablet of my thoughts, something like a transcript of the images which passed before my mental vision ;—and I bade them hail, and welcomed their bright existences, moving as they did, in fair succession, and with varied colourings of light and shade, as truth and fancy pictured them :—and thus I drew their portraits. These I have now pleasure in offering to the reception of those whose tastes may be accordant with my own, in the hope that they will occasionally serve to beguile a passing hour, not unprofitably—linked as they are with memories that can never die !

Cotham Park, Bristol,
Seventh Month, 1848.

EXTRACTS.

“ Were only History licensed to take note
Of things gone by, her meagre monuments
Would ill suffice for persons and events :
There is an ampler page for men to quote,
A readier book of manifold contents,
Studied alike in palace and in cot.”

WORDSWORTH.

“ POESY is a part of learning in measure of words for the most part restrained, but in all other points extremely licensed, and doth truly refer to the imagination ; which being not tied to the laws of matter, may at pleasure join that which nature hath severed, and sever that which nature hath joined ; and so make unlawful matches and divorces of things ; ‘ Pictoribus atque poetis,’ &c. It is taken in two senses in respect of words, or matter ; in the first sense, it is but a character of style, and belongeth to arts of speech, and is not pertinent for the present : in the latter, it is, as hath been said, one of the principal portions of learning, and is nothing else but feigned history, which may be styled as well in prose as in verse.

“ The use of this feigned history hath been to give some shadow of satisfaction to the mind of man, in those points wherein the nature of things doth deny it, the world being in proportion inferior to the soul ; by reason whereof there is, agreeable to the spirit of man, a more ample greatness, a more exact goodness, and a more absolute variety, than can be found in the nature of things. Therefore, because the acts or events of true history have not that magnitude which satisfieth the mind of man, poesy feigneth acts and

events greater and more heroical : because true history pro-
poundeth the successes and issues of actions not so agree-
able to the merits of virtue and vice, therefore, poesy feigns
them more just in retribution, and more according to re-
vealed providence : because true history representeth actions
and events more ordinary, and less interchanged, therefore
poesy endueth them with more rareness, and more unex-
pected and alternative variations : so as it appeareth that
poesy serveth and conferreth to magnanimity, morality, and
to delectation. And therefore it was ever thought to have
some participation of divineness, because it doth raise and
erect the mind, by submitting the shews of things to the
desires of the mind ; whereas reason doth buckle and bow
the mind unto the nature of things. And we see, that by
these insinuations and congruities with man's nature and
pleasure, joined also with the agreement and consort it hath
with music, it hath had access and estimation in rude times
and barbarous regions, where other learning stood excluded.

“The division of poesy which is aptest in the propriety
thereof, (besides those divisions which are common unto it
with history, as feigned chronicles, feigned lives, and the
appendices of history, as feigned epistles, feigned orations,
and the rest) is into Poesy Narrative, Representative, and
Allusive.”

BACON'S ADVANCEMENT OF LEARNING.

WE see how far the monuments of wit and learning are
more durable than the monuments of power or of the hands.
For have not the verses of Homer continued twenty-five
hundred years, or more, without the loss of a syllable or
letter ; during which time, infinite palaces, temples, castles,

cities, have been decayed and demolished? It is not possible to have the true pictures or statues of Cyrus, Alexander, Cæsar; no, nor of the kings or great personages of much later years; for the originals cannot last, and the copies cannot but lose of the life and truth. But the images of men's wits and knowledges remain in books, exempted from the wrong of time, and capable of perpetual renovation. Neither are they fitly to be called images, because they generate still, and cast their seeds in the minds of others, provoking and causing infinite actions and opinions in succeeding ages: so that, if the invention of the ship was thought so noble, which carrieth riches and commodities from place to place, and consociateth the most remote regions in participation of their fruits, how much more are letters to be magnified, which, as ships, pass through the vast seas of time, and make ages so distant to participate of the wisdom, illuminations, and inventions, the one of the other?"

BACON'S ADVANCEMENT OF LEARNING.

THE following sentiments from the pen of a heathen philosopher, may express in language of his own, the feelings of the Christian, whilst he aspires to participate in communion with the wise and good of all generations.

“They only experience the true enjoyment of life, who are engaged in the study of wisdom—they only can be said to live. They not only take a close survey of their own times, but they embrace the circle of all ages; whatever enriches the memory of the past becomes their own, and unless

we be unprofitable indeed, those distinguished men who have laid the foundation of the most sacred principles have lived for us, and prepared the paths of life for our feet. By aid of their superior influence, we are led to contemplate in the light of new discoveries the sublime nature of truth. No period of time is veiled from us, but we have free access to all : and in as much as it is permitted to the enlarged capacities of the human soul, to emerge from the thraldoms of its finite existence, a wide expanse of thought is open to our enjoyment ; we may then reason with Socrates, doubt with Carneades, repose with Epicurus, bring nature into subjection with the Stoics, or soar above it with the Cynics ; since in accordance with the laws of our being, we have power to mingle in fellowship with all ages of the world, through the same golden medium.

“It may be said that they place the highest stamp on time, who seek as their chosen friends to commune with Zeno and Pythagoras ; with Democritus, Aristotle and Theophrastus, and with other celebrated teachers of moral virtue. They are all calling thee to their presence, and each will dismiss thee more blessed and more worthy of being beloved—not one will send thee empty away : by night and by day their converse is denied to none, whilst precepts like their’s speak only of immortality.

“Such companionship will not consume thy precious moments, but will rather add to thy treasure from its own fulness ;—such intercourse will never be dangerous, such friendship never injurious ; nor ever wilt thou pay too dearly for thy attendance on spirits such as these.”

SENECA.

Now, all amid the rigours of the year,
 In the wild depth of winter, while without
 'The ceaseless winds blow ice, be my retreat
 Between the groaning forest and the shore
 Beat by the boundless multitude of waves,
 A rural, sheltered solitary scene ;
 Where ruddy fire and beaming tapers join
 To cheer the gloom. There studious let me sit,
 And hold high converse with the *mighty dead* ;
 Sages of ancient time, as gods revered,
 As gods beneficent, who blest mankind
 With arts, with arms, and humaniz'd a world.
 Rous'd at the inspiring thought, I throw aside
 The long-liv'd volume ; and, deep-musing, hail
 The sacred shades, that lowly-rising pass
 Before my wondering eyes. First *Socrates*,
 Who, firmly good in a corrupted state,
 Against the rage of tyrants *single* stood
 Invincible ! * * * Solon the next, &c.
 * * * * *
 Thousands besides the tribute of a verse
 Demand ; but who can count the stars of heaven ;
 Who sing their influence on this lower world ?

THOMPSON.

" CIVIL society doth more content the nature of man,
 than any private kind of solitary living ; because in society,
 this good of mutual participation is so much larger than
 otherwise.

" Herewith notwithstanding, we are not satisfied, but we
 covet (if it might be) to have a kind of society and fellow-

ship even with all mankind ; which thing Socrates intending to signify, professed himself a citizen not of this or that commonwealth, but of the world : and an effect of that very natural desire in us (a manifest token that we wish after a sort, for universal fellowship with all men) appeareth by the wonderful delight men have, some to visit foreign countries, some to discover nations not heard of in former ages, we all, to know the affairs and dealings of other people, yea to be in league of amity with them: * * * for such cause also as moved the Queen of Saba to visit Solomon ;” &c.

HOOVER.

The following extract from DR. DODDRIDGE, in connexion with the subjects of this volume, may perhaps be allowed a place here.

“Hath God given you genius and learning? It was not that you might amuse or deck yourself with it, and kindle a blaze which should only serve to dazzle and attract the eyes of men. . It was intended to be the means of leading both yourself and them to the Father of lights. And it will be your duty according to the peculiar turn of that genius and capacity, either to endeavour to improve and adorn human life, or by a more direct application of it to divine subjects, to plead the cause of religion, to defend its truths, to enforce and recommend its practice, to deter men from courses which would be dishonourable to God and fatal to themselves, and to try the utmost efforts of all the solemnity and tenderness with which you can clothe your addresses, to lead them into the paths of virtue and happiness.”

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
The Queen—Victoria	1
Prince Albert	3
Adelaide—The Queen Dowager	4
The Princess Charlotte	6
Le Pasteur Apostolique	8
Christiana	<i>ib.</i>
Esculapius	10
The Pastor of Zurich	<i>ib.</i>
The Asphodel	13
The Purveyor of Thought	15
The Bard of Palestine	17
Egeria	20
A British Œcolampadius	22
The Hercules of Letters	24
The Pyracanthus	26
The Wanderer	29
Friendship. (<i>A Monody</i>)	32
“The Bas Bleu”	34
Mr. Great-Heart	35
A Sister of Bethany	36
The Silver Trumpet	38

NOTE.—For the real names of the Portraits, see p. 201.

	PAGE.
The Recluse	39
The Meteor	42
A Son of Thunder	45
The Sweet-singer of Zion	48
La Domestique Fidelle	49
The Palmer of Drayton	50
Body and Mind	ib.
A Genius	52
The Pleasant Guest	54
The Shade of Horace	57
The Torch-bearer of the East	59
The Great Politician	61
La Belle Artiste	63
Le Chalumeau, ou le Cor des Alpes	65
L'Amie de l'Humanité	67
The Bird of Morning	69
Le Bon Curateur	71
Auster	72
"La Reine Blanche"	75
Prometheus	76
A Monument of Mercy	79
The Bow in the Cloud	81
Apollo	84
The Severed Rosebud	86
Agathos	87
The Princely Puritan	89
The Pole-Star of Learning	92
The Gospel Mentor	94
Hebe	96
The Nightingale of the Church	98
The Beacon-fire	100
The Aurora	101

CONTENTS.

xxiii

	PAGE.
Veritas	103
Angelica	104
The Student	106
The Modern Hannibal	ib.
Cœur de Lion	108
Narcissa	110
The Christian Pilgrim	113
La Bella-Donna	116
The Queen's Humming-bird	119
The Modern Plato	121
The Fairy Queen	125
The Shepherd Minstrel	128
The Young Philosopher	131
La Spectatrice	132
Evangelist	135
The Minstrel and his Lute	136
Scotland's Warbler	138
Honoriam	140
The Temple Worshipper	142
The Annalist of the Poor	143
The Child of Providence	146
The Village Queen	147
The "Prisoner of Providence," and "The Prisoner of Hope"	152
The Believer	155
A Disciple	157
The Christian Minos	159
The Missionary	161
The Mountain Eagle	164
The Listener	165
"The Christian Poet"	167
Clio	169

	PAGE.
The Watchman	171
The Star of Thought	172
Zion's Chronicler	174
Deborah	176
The Spirit of the Breeze	178
A Friend	180
The "Golden-mouthed"	181
The Household Minstrel	182
A Son of Freedom	184
Gaius	185
A Voice from the West	187
The Landscape Painter	188
The Sacred Fabulist	190
John the Baptist	192
Mary Magdalene	194
The Apostle John	196
The Apostle Paul	197
L'Envoie (<i>A Sonnet</i>)	200

ERRATA.

Page 11, line 17, *for* governed *read* garnered.

" 53, Text wanting.

" 99, *for* Almoner *read* Guardian.

" 128, in the text, *for* Blessed are they *read* Blessed are all they.

" 138, *for* children *read* childhood.

" 154, Transpose two last verses.

" 161, *for* given *read* graven.

" 163, in the text, *for* thy faith *read* the faith.

" 168, Text wanting.

" 186, in the text, *for* the maimed, the blind *read* the maimed, the lame, the blind.

PORTRAITS IN MINIATURE.

—◆—
THE QUEEN—

VICTORIA.

A CROWN is placed upon that royal head,
With lustres bright ;
Ordained through distant hemispheres to shed
Its cheering light.

It rests with grace, on that unruffled brow,
That braided hair !
That form that blooms in spring-tide beauty now—
The young, the fair !

Earth's best accomplishments—a shining band—
Her mind adorn ;—
But most we hail her sovereign of our land—
To empire born !

Sacred her charge ! for see the Almighty will
That charge consign—
She comes her high vocation to fulfil—
By strength divine.

She comes to bless her people—and to pour
With justice even,
Forth from her lap, a rich, indulgent store,
The boon of heaven.

She comes—from dungeon darkness, to upraise
The drooping heart ;
To give the mourner sweetest notes of praise,
For grief's keen smart.

And oh ! who would not welcome with a smile,
That orient ray,
Which overspreads Britannia's favoured isle,
In this our day !

This day of gospel blessing ! that illumines
The palace halls
With beauty, better far, than princely plumes,
Or pictured walls.

And there that light finds entrance, with a beam
That gilds the throne ;
Behold it now, like mercy's golden stream,
Fall softly down

Upon a group which God has gathered there
In bounteous love,
To mingle in the voice of praise and prayer,
To heaven above ;

Whom He has called to serve Him, whilst His eye
That looks on man,
Does ever, from His own high majesty,
Our projects scan.

A blessing on their heads ! oh let it come
 From Jesu's face ;
 Like ointment poured forth, in that high home,
 Its hallowed place !

Then earth, with all its charms before their sight,
 Shall prostrate, fall ;
 And God in Christ, their portion infinite,
 Be all in all !

PRINCE ALBERT.

HAPPY in a nation's blessing,
 Happy in a nation's smile ;
 Every lip thy name expressing,
 Bids thee welcome to our isle.

Earth dispensing gifts imperial
 Bids for thee her splendors glow,
 Heaven perfecting hues ethereal,
 Casts around her promised bow.

In thy palace-bowers to greet thee,
 See the Queen who rules the land !
 Youth's fond charms go forth to meet thee,
 Infant cherubs round thee stand.

Shrined within thy spirit's portal,
 Love's fond image treasured lies ;
 Souls attuned to themes immortal,
 Blend in loftiest sympathies.

Light and truth and joy combining,
 Shed their mingling fragrance forth ;
 Flowers of life their branches twining,
 With new sweetness bless the earth.

Courtiers pleased allegiance render,
 Statesmen speak thy high degree ;
Mind would here her service tender,
 Whispering heaven's high thoughts to thee.

Vain is earth ! its promised glory !
 Empty, all its glittering pride ;
 In Redemption's wondrous story
 Man's immortal hopes abide.

Rest thou, in the Saviour's merit !
 Place in Him thy spirit's trust !
 Thou shalt then His courts inherit,
 When mortality is dust.

May the dew of God's own blessing,
 May His love and favouring smile ;
 Better than a world's caressing,
 Crown thy soul in Britain's isle !



ADELAIDE—

THE QUEEN DOWAGER.

A MILD and radiant star, benignly given,
 Smiles on the earth !
 Clothed in the tranquil purity of heaven,
 It there found birth.

Diffusive are the beams that softly play
From fount like this !
Which shining on the pilgrim's darkening way,
Presage his bliss !

Yes ! like a star that sheds superior light,
A form I see
Moving through princely halls, with presence bright,
In majesty.

With courtly mien she moves—a duteous band
Around her wait,
Well used to words of gentle, high, command
And regal state.

That heart would bless the wanderer—and would cheer,
The dark abode
Of him whose steps through deserts dark and drear,
Full oft have trod.

The dew be on her dwelling—God hath said,
That he whose heart
Shall seek His kingdom as his daily bread,
His better part ;

Shall find an ample portion ; and His word
Of truth and power,
Is ever in the heart's deep chamber stored—
Our richest dower

And thine, heaven's favored almoner ! His grace
With liberal tide,
Has surely, in thy earthly dwelling-place,
Thy cup supplied.

How far surpassing then, those treasures high,
 Of heavenly mould,
 Enduring treasures garnered in the sky,
 Better than gold !

Heaven is the christian's heritage ! the rest
 Where he would be ;
 Then Hail him ! in the Saviour's presence blest,
 Eternally.

THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.

I SAW a rose upon its parent stem,
 I looked upon a fair, resplendent gem ;
 I saw a planet, in its silvery light,
 Reposing on the shadowy brow of night,
 I saw a maiden with her stately tread,
 A crown hung, glittering, o'er that royal head.

Within that breast how many a pulse beat high !
 What ardour glistened in that azure eye !
 Whilst feeling's tide impatient of control,
 Maintained the troublous empire of the soul.
 That soul enlarged and beautified, that gave
 Fair promise to these islets of the wave ;
 That soul of noble heritage, a dower
 Of God's right hand, and formed for sovereign power ;
 That generous mould, to love and friendship dear,
 Could smile in joy and sadden to a tear ;
 That mould, to kindred impulse ever true,
 Warmed with its touch, and gladdened at the view.

In Learning skilled, and with her treasures fraught,
See ! to her feet this young disciple brought !
Meanwhile Philosophy, with opened page,
Was wont her playful votary to engage.
Bright shone the sun ! though rain-drops once might seem
To veil the lustre of his rising beam ;—
Bright shone the sun, and still she saw him climb,
Ere yet high noon had gained meridian prime ;
And love and joy beneath his smiling ray,
Hailed youth's gay hour and blessed the present day.
And thou indeed wast blest, for on thee shone
The light of eyes that mirrored back thine own ;
Whilst truth and tenderness, to calm repose,
Subdued the memory of thy infant woes.
Peace to the scene where minds in concert dwell !
Where Hymen guards the heart's true citadel ;—
Peace to the scene where souls like yours could find
The balm of bliss, exalted and refined !

But earth's bright pictures fade—and visions high
Outshine the monarch's proudest royalty ;
God calls His children home—thrice blessed they
Who tread this vale, expectant of the day ;
Thrice blessed those, crowned with the Saviour's love,
Prepared for glory in His courts above ;
Who own His name below, and thus confess
Jesus the Lord, their strength and righteousness.

LE PASTEUR APOSTOLIQUE.

WITH eyes uplifted, that may well descry
 The glories of a world beyond the sky ;
 With parted locks, which leave that forehead bare,
 With lips half open, in the act of prayer,—
 Behold a christian portrait ! and exclaim,
 Oh that my breast might burn with such a flame !
 Oh that the fire, descending from above,
 Might waken in my soul the light of love,
 That zeal might warm my spirit, and that faith
 Might triumph over sin and hell and death !
 Thus in the Saint's blest warfare, let me be,
 Like him, an heir of immortality !

"To me to live is Christ, and to die is gain."—PHIL. i. 21.
 "God is love."—1 JOHN iv. 8.

 CHRISTIANA.

MOTHER in Israel ! let thy mantle rest
 On daughters with thy rich example blest !
 Thy mantle dipt in that unsullied spring,
 From whence the saints their healing waters bring ;
 That fount of sovereign virtue,—'tis a flood
 Of life and health—the Saviour's precious blood.
 Salvation was thy theme, and thou couldst hail
 Redemption's work and Truth's mysterious tale.
 'Twas thine the spark of heavenly love to fan
 And magnify the ways of God to man,

Whilst with a zeal like Mary's, it was meet
 That thou should'st wash the dear Redeemer's feet.
 Blest handmaid of thy Lord ! he loved thee well,
 He bade thee in his own pavilion dwell,
 And tuned thy heart to praise him—for his love
 Did through the well-springs of thy being move ;
 He waked thy soul to wisdom, and his voice
 Bade all thy quickened energies rejoice.
 He crowned thee with his blessing—and thy board
 Was spread with gifts appointed by thy Lord ;
 He owned thee for His servant, and thy tread
 Through paths unknown, by His dear hand was led ;
 He blest thy daily portion—and thy face
 Shone with the beamings of celestial grace :
 The dew was round thy dwelling, and thy tent
 Was honored as the Master's tenement ;
 Whilst blessings of the deep that flows beneath,
 Blessings that live in heaven's ethereal breath,
 And blessings of the earth, thy Maker gave,
 Salvation's cup was thine from Him who came to save.
 And thou wast counted with the godly few
 Who leave the world, with heaven's bright hopes in view ;
 The world was cast behind thee, for her smile
 Is wont the passing traveller to beguile ;
 And thou had'st tried her favours—whilst to thee
 Her gold was dust, her treasures vanity.
 Thy way was for the cross, since shining there
 In characters indelible and clear,
 The impress of thy Saviour's image shone,
 And thou wast His—and He was all thine own !

" Well reported of for good works ; if she have brought up children, if she have lodged strangers, if she have washed the saints feet, if she have relieved the afflicted, if she have diligently followed every good work."—
 1 TIM. v. 10.

ESCULAPIUS.

ONCE, to my vision brought, a mind I viewed,
 Cast in a mould of passing magnitude :
 Deep thought and reason's high resolve exprest
 The mingled energies that clothed his breast ;
 And acumen, whose searching glance made plain
 Conjecture's labyrinth—and her dark domain ;
 And lively wit was his whose powers I trace,
 And humour sparkling in that sunny face.
 Decision stamped his lip—and in his eye
 Lay depths untold, of human sympathy ;
 And truth impressed his mind—and in his voice
 Were tones that made the sorrowing heart rejoice ;
 And Wisdom was his friend—and at her nod
 He sought the path that leads the soul to God :
 Thus may he gain its summit, and behold
 The towers of Zion and her streets of gold,—
 Then pass like Pilgrim, to Immanuel's land
 And, in the presence of his Saviour, stand !

“ A man's gift maketh room for him, and bringeth him before great men.”
 —PROV. xviii. 16.

 THE PASTOR OF ZURICH.

How may I seek to paint thee, or define,
 In measured verse, a portrait such as thine ?
 Thy lineaments were noble—beaming forth
 The essence of a mind too pure for earth.

Exalted and refined, behold thee now,
Wearing a deathless chaplet on thy brow !
The world but ill requites thee, or repays
Thy boon of love, bequeathed to after-days ;
The gift of treasured themes and golden hours,
Passed in the Sage's haunt, the Muse's bowers,
The fruit of hallowed thought ! when thou didst dwell
Within God's courts—holding high festival !
Or on the mount heldst converse large and high,
Communing in the saints' solemnity,
Behold thee in thy closet ! who can say
What visions bore thy soul from earth away !
Thy love was pure and chastened—and thy mind
Flowed out in charities to all mankind ;
Zeal for the souls of sinners made thee bold,
And bade thee call the wanderers to the fold.
Thy moments all were governed,—golden sand !
And measured out with no regardless hand ;
There shone thy spirit's purpose, for thy Lord,
Commission gave—and thou didst preach His word ;
From Him thy charge went forth, and thou didst keep
The Pastor's office—" Feed my lambs,—my sheep !"
Yes, thou His lambs didst cherish with an eye
Well used to melt in tenderest sympathy.

We see thee at thy canvass—pictured there,
What portraits glow, in transcript bright and fair !
Thy faithful pencil traced them, for with skill
Those lines were wrought, obedient to thy will :
Those outlined profiles speak ! and passion's rage,
And truth and tenderness our minds engage ;
Devotion's fire and wit with sportive play,
And thought, transparent as the opening day,

And sordid avarice and hope and fear,
 And sympathies to each fond bosom dear :
 All these thy pen decipher'd, and 'twere well
 That moral truth like thine, its tale should tell.
 The human face divine ! with practised eye
 'Twas thine that hidden mystery to descry ;
 To probe the depths of feeling,—and to trace
 Each softened lineament, each manly grace ;
 To search the inner chambers of the soul,
 Where vice and virtue struggle for control ;
 Where Wisdom lights her candle—and makes plain
 The shining beauties of her fair domain ;
 Where Folly flies the day-beam—and where sin
 Bars up each portal to the shades within.
 Yes ! thou wast skilled in ethics, and thy scan
 Surveyed that wondrous world, the mind of man !

Hail to thy spirit's empire ! I would hail
 Abodes of peace, where thoughts like thine prevail ;
 Where sense and feeling triumph, and agree
 To mingle in the bonds of amity,
 Where taste pervades the affections, and where love
 Lifts all our hearts to heaven's bright worlds above.
 Farewell thou sainted soul ! Disciple, rest
 For ever, in thy Saviour's sheltering breast !

" His delight is in the law of the Lord ; and in his law doth he meditate day and night. And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season ; his leaf also shall not wither ; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper."—PSALM i. 2, 3.

THE ASPHODEL. (*Day-Lily.*)

A FAIR exotic—bright as fair !
Child of the florist's partial care
 In eastern clime ;
A bird of paradise ! whose plume
Has felt alas ! the fowler's doom,
 In youth's gay prime.

A stranger in a far-off land !
An exile on a lonely strand !
 A stricken deer !
A heart, whose pulses, quick and warm,
Are chilled beneath the wintry storm !
 A ruin sere !

A floweret fading in the sun !
A treasure lost as soon as won !
 A summer cloud !
A rose-bud withering in its bloom !
An offering garnished for the tomb,
 Like beauty's shroud !

The murmuring of the plaintive dove !
The notes of passion and of love !
 A smouldering fire !
The whispering of the wind at sea !
The echo of soft melody !
 A trembling lyre !

All these, a mimic train, steal on
As Memory gathers thoughts of one
 Whose inmost soul ;

Subject to Feeling's master-hand,
 Confest amid her recreant band,
 Their wild control.

But let me not, as thus I trace
 The fading charm, the passing grace,
 The smile—the tear !
 Oh ! let me not the soul forget,
 Which lives in life's fresh pages yet
 With impress clear.

Say, didst thou know that converse high,
 That pure and perfect harmony,
 To sinners given ?
 The saint's blest fellowship on earth,
 The dawn of a celestial birth,
 The light of heaven ?

Then has thy soaring spirit found
 Its fitting place, its proper bound,
 A seat of rest :
 Then hast thou won the Christian's prize,
 The perfect bliss of Paradise,
 To make thee blest.

Then is thy fluttering pinion stayed ;
 Then is thy fond ambition laid
 At Jesus' feet :
 Turned like the dove that found its ark
 Or mariner who seeks his bark,
 Thy home to greet.

Here didst thou turn ?—then all is well !
 Thy soul hath left its citadel,
 Its house of clay :

And may we greet thee in a clime
 Above the elements of time
 In perfect day.

“ My daughter, shall I not seek rest for thee, that it may be well with thee ?”—*RUTH* iii. 1.



THE PURVEYOR OF THOUGHT.

I LOOK upon a mind of large desire,
 A spirit quickened by celestial fire ;
 A soul ascending from the things of sense,
 To mingle with each bright intelligence ;
 A spark of heaven's own kindling, sent to raise
 And fan the fire of zeal to after days.

He deals in argument of high degree,
 And muses on divine philosophy.
 An alchemist in morals,—and behold !
 His crucible emits ethereal gold ;
 He lifts his eye, and measures as he may
 The systems that adorn the passing day ;
 Inhabiting a world that men call real,
 Yet furnished with the charms of the ideal,
 He garnishes the sterner truth of things
 With Iris' hues and plumes of Fancy's wings ;
 He clothes the sentimental with a grace
 That poet's hand on Nature's form might trace,

He loves investigation deep and high,
He ploughs the earth, he soars into the sky ;
He proves the broken cistern—and with care
He stays the vagrant waters gathering there.
Habit his pen encounters,—when her power
Has chained us in a soft beguiling hour ;
His hand is raised in combat—and 'twere well
If thus her host should fly our citadel ;
He skirmishes with Folly's airy band,
And faltering purpose feels the enchanter's wand.
The world of thought he enters, and his skill
Would exorcise the spirits at his will ;—
Vain thoughts depart ! he bids your myriads fly—
Before your locust tribes our spirits die.
He calls up man, to wisdom, and would bring
Treasures of sweetness from her hallowed spring ;
He marshals our existence by a law,
Unused to swerve, unblemished by a flaw ;
He nerves the mind to action, and applies
Strength to our weak and wavering faculties ;
He sets on Time high value,—hours and days
Were given to speak the Great Creator's praise,
Then hear his high monition ! whilst his voice
Cries from the tomb, " Make Heaven's high meed your
choice."

Still, themes like his instruct us,—and his name
Of potent spell shall Memory's tribute claim ;
Still, thoughts like his have language—and his word
Is yet within the heart's deep chambers heard,
And now in God's own presence he appears ;—
For Time has flown with all his garnered years,
He stands in God's own presence—to receive
That gift of grace by which the ransomed live ;—

To glory in the cross the Saviour bore, —
 To triumph, landed on Immanuel's shore ;—
 Where with the saints forever, clothed in light,
 He changes earth for heaven, and faith for sight !

“ Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be : but we know that, when he shall appear, we shall be like him ; for we shall see him as he is.” —1 JOHN iii. 2.

THE BARD OF PALESTINE.

SOFT, musical and clear, I mark a strain
 That steals along :
 Methinks, it breathes from India's palmy plain—
 Her groves among.

It sings of Greenland's mountains cold and sere,
 Those ice-bergs rude,
 Where nature spreads through deserts vast and drear,
 Her solitude.

It sings of spicy breezes—as they sweep
 O'er Ceylon's isle ;
 Where garden-groves of beauty, softly sleep
 In Nature's smile.

It sings of Ganges' broad, majestic tide—
 Her glassy stream :—
 Blind votaries of her charms ! your souls abide
 In Lethe's dream.

When will ye rouse from slumber, and behold
 That healing wave
 Which flows through Zion,—with her streets of gold,
 Where all may lave ?

When will ye cast with convert zeal, away
Each imaged thing ?
Whilst to the moles and bats, in the broad day,
Your gods take wing.

Lorn outcasts of the Faith ! beneath your skies
There comes to dwell
A soul that pours for you, its sympathies
Which none may tell ?

Through classic groves he walked with lofty mien,
In earlier hour ;
But now his sun has gained, with glittering sheen,
Meridian power.

Through classic groves he wandered, drinking there
His spirit's fill ;
Whilst thoughts imaginings sublime and rare,
Flowed from his quill.

His quill of grace and beauty ! deeply dyed
In hues of heaven ;
And with ethereal colours beautified,—
Like those of even.

He waked a strain from Judah's broken lyre,
The heart to raise ;
And melodies like his, might well inspire
Messiah's praise.

Of Judah's long deserted plains he sang,
Of Salem's shrine,—
And through our hearts his chastened music rang
On themes divine.

But now his Sun is set ! that melting voice
 Which, soft and clear,
 Called on the sorrowing christian to rejoice,
 Nor linger here ;—

That voice attuned to numbers, sounding forth
 The Saviour's name
 Through distant regions of the peopled earth,
 With loud acclaim ;—

That voice is hushed in silence—now no more
 Those pulses play ;
 That step no longer moves on Mercy's shore
 The live-long day.

Farewell ! thy spirit in a loftier clime
 Hath gained its bourne,
 Beyond the cloudy elements of Time ;—
 Not to return !

Farewell ! the God of glory who for thee
 Illumined earth,
 Hath given thee in his own eternity,
 A living birth.

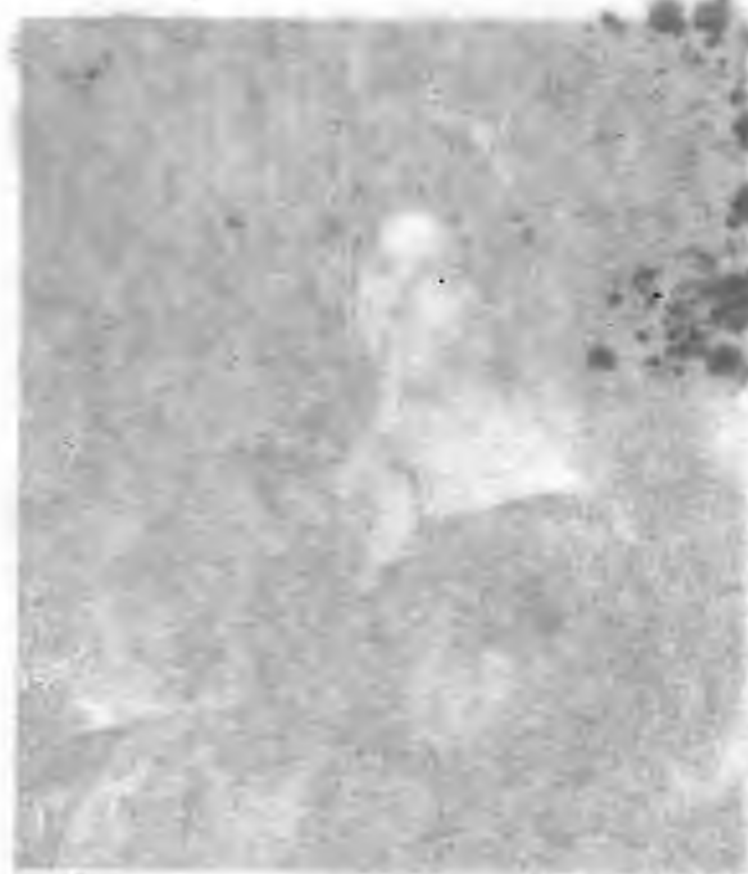
There shall thy lyre unbroken, evermore
 Through heaven resound ;
 Whilst thou with full hosannas, shalt adore
 For lost ones found !

“ And the seventh angel sounded ; and there were great voices in heaven,
 saying The kingdoms of this world are become *the kingdoms* of our Lord,
 and of his Christ ; and he shall reign for ever and ever.”—REV. xi. 15.

EGERIA.

CHILD of feeling ! Nature's child !
Roaming in the woodland wild ;
Child of Nature ! Child of Song !
Lute and lyre to thee belong.
Where the whispering zephyrs be,
Dost thou loose thy tresses free,
Shining tresses, soft and fair,
Of a gentle lady's hair.
Where amid the deepening glade
Summer elvés seek the shade,
Where the azure harebells grow,
There thy airy footsteps go.
Where the verdant hill-tops lie,
Smiling in the sun's bright eye,
Where the laughing streamlets play,
Dost thou warble, light and gay.
Grove and upland, rock and stream,
Castles in the moonlight gleam,
Gushing fountain clear cascade,
All for man's enjoyment made—
Nature's wonder-working power
Binds thee fast in Fancy's hour.
Child of feeling ! Child of song !
Lute and lyre to thee belong.

Like the minstrels of the wood
Pouring music's sweetest flood,
Softly plaintive, wild in glee,
With delicious harmony ;
Strains of rapture that they bring
From their souls unsullied spring,



Lucy M. ...

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Engraved by W. J. West

Designed by G. B. Hill

Felicia Hemans

APPENDIX



Sending woodland wilds among,
All the thrilling powers of song ;
Or through fields of ambient air,
Whilst they carol praises there.
Like the labours of the bee
Was thy honied industry,
Gathering treasures fresh and new,
Fragrance from the shining dew,
Hybla sweets from herb and flower
That adorn each summer bower,
Like the busy, busy bee,
Wast thou in thine industry.
Like the silkworm's golden thread,
In its rich profusion spread,
Glistening as we see it lie
In its own fair radiancy.
So by gifted impulse taught,
Didst thou weave the web of thought,
All untiring, till at last
See thy hours of sunshine past,
And thy loom at work no more,
Yields its bright, its finished store.
And in life's meridian day,
Ere thy spirit passed away,
How did then thy soul design
Offerings at Devotion's shrine—
Saintly offerings, better far
Than the mind's proud laurels are ;
Sweeter than the voice of Fame
Sounds the Saviour's hallowed name.

Minstrel ! since to tune thy lay,
Here it was not thine to stay,

To thine hand in yonder Heaven,
 May a loftier strain be given ;
 There shall each extatic lyre
 Adoration's songs inspire ;
 Whilst the lips of angels sing
 Praises to our glorious King.

"As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God."—PSALM xlii. 1.

A BRITISH ŒCOLAMPADIUS.

YES, thou wast lovely in thy life below !
 Thy earthly way
 Was gilded by the bright, celestial glow
 Of heaven's clear day.

For thou didst walk with Jesus, and his smile
 Of quickening power,
 Could many a shade of passing woe beguile
 In sorrow's hour.

He won thy heart to serve Him, and thy love
 Sublimed from earth,
 Like incense rose to yonder courts above,
 Where joy has birth.

His love possessed thy spirit, and thy tongue
 For Him could speak !
 Whose praise by votive lips like thine, was sung
 With accents meek.

He taught thee many a lesson, and thy soul
Its worth could tell ;
'Twas thine to drink through Wisdom's flowing bowl,
From her pure well.

Philosophy unfolded oft her page
'To charm thy view,
And well might theories like hers, engage
Thy purpose true.

Bright was thy sojourn in this vale below,
Where tears abound ;
Thy hand was raised to stay the tide of woe,
And bind the wound.

A minister, endued with gospel grace,
On bended knee ;
'Twas thine to seek unveiled, that glorious face,
Which who may see !

But now thy vision greets Him, and behold !
That sea of glass,
Mingled in light with heaven's resplendent gold,
Where angels pass

On shining errands bidden,—there with them,
In concert one,
'Tis thine to wear that radiant diadem,
Redemption's crown !

And now before the everlasting throne,
We see thee bend ;
Whilst to the glorious Godhead, three in one,
Thy vows ascend.

To God the Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
 Let praises be
 With transport sounded by the heavenly host ;
 Eternally !

“Them that honour me I will honour, and they that despise me shall be lightly esteemed.”—1 SAM. ii. 30.

THE HERCULES OF LETTERS.

I LOOKED upon a giant,—one whose mind
 Surpassed the common standard of mankind ;
 Vast and profound in thought, yet winged to soar
 Through worlds of intellect ———.

Large was the orbit where that spirit ran,
 Tracking the great Creator’s wondrous plan ;
 It compassed round our being, soaring still
 Where art and science take their plenteous fill.

He dipt his pen in logic ; drawing thence
 An ample draught to fill each quickened sense ;
 Choice in his thoughts and words—surpassing he
 In skill, to mark each nice philology.

Words are the signs of things, and thus he made
 The lettered tome, his treasure and his trade ;
 He loved to class ideas, whilst he stood
 Gathering up mental pearls like daily food :

And much his store-house yielded, for with care,
 Well used was he to sift them and compare,
 Choosing the pure first-water ; nicely laid
 See in his cabinet, their charms displayed !
 They shine to greet our vision and to raise
 Our cultured thought to more accomplished grace.

Industrious in his study—from whose walls
Full many a ray to cheer our vision falls ;
The light of clear intelligence—the glow
That thought like his on many a breast may throw,
Where polished diction—polished numbers dwell,
And reason high, holds fast her citadel.
In meditative mood what prayers express'd
The heart's deep breathing and the soul's unrest.
His closet moments in devotion spent,
Have left behind their graven monument :
The prayer of faith is heard—and when the soul
Bows in contrition—Jesus makes it whole.

Cumbrous and rude the mould that once enshrined
The essence of that grand, herculean mind,
Broad the dimensions of that house of clay
Where breathed a soul imprisoned from the day ;
Like a caged bird's his thralldom, yet his eye
Looked out on Nature's untried mystery.
He feared to pass earth's confines, and to change
This mantling veil, for visions new and strange ;—
He feared life's closing moment,—and what eye
May dare Jehovah's awful scrutiny ?
We tremble in the gaze—till Love divine,
Does from the Cross, on man's transgression shine ;
Then Death resigns his sting—the Grave its power—
And Jesus conquers in Redemption's hour.

“Forasmuch then as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, he also himself likewise took part of the same ; that through death he might destroy him that had the power of death, that is, the devil ; and deliver them who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage.”

—HEB. ii. 14, 15.

THE PYRACANTHUS.

A LOFTY genius, lofty in its aim,
A soul to feel ;
A spirit lighted by a kindling flame
Of hallowed zeal.

A purpose all unbending, and a heart
Whose tides o'erflow ;
A sympathy that can its tears impart
To solace woe.

A righteous indignation where the shades
Of death are found ;
Thought that unhallowed mystery invades
On holy ground.

Courage unused to waver, and an eye
Whose upward ken
Looks on the shores of immortality,
And then on men.

The spirit world it visits, and descries
In gospel light,
Beings who walk this earth in viewless guise,
To mortal sight.

They walk this earth unseen, or when we wake,
Or sleeping lie ;
Waking or sleeping we may well partake
Their agency.

Mark the destroying Angel ! with his sword
Glistening and bare ;
An envoy in the service of his Lord,
He hovers there ;

Nor prompt in his dread mission, but his hand
Of master-skill,
Pours down its shafts on the devoted land,
At heaven's high will.

She mused on *Principalities and Powers*
Beneath high heaven ;
Where Darkness with her boding pinion lowers,
By fury driven.

Now Satan and his hosts in dire array,
The conflict swell,
And fiends who mingling in the battle fray,
But breathe of hell.

Malice, that baneful scourge with venom'd breath,
And wild desire,
Hatred that knows, too well, the gates of death—
And envy dire.

War, with its thousand woes, and yet more high
Apollion's rage ;
When marshalled into combat with the sky,
His powers engage.

But see ! a brighter world, a world of love,
Smiles on our view ;
Where angel bands with sweet accordance move,
In order true.

Angelic voices sing, each tuneful lyre
Doth full notes raise ;
The music of the blest seraphic choir,
Is waked to praise.

And she could gaze on flowers, and symbolize
Those blossoms gay
Which smiling in the light of summer skies,
Perfume our way.

The Lion of the tribe of Judah's line
Her voice would sing ;
And deeply thus she drank of themes divine
At Siloa's spring.

Zeal for the chosen people of our God,
Glowed in her breast ;
Both when they wept on Palestine's green sod—
With grief opprest ;

And when in this good land where graces smile,
They come to own,
The love that can the sinner reconcile
At heaven's high throne.

And thou could'st cheer the captive, spirit-bound
In that lone cell ;
Hark ! for the dumb hath learned to wake a sound
His bliss to tell.

'Twas thine to chase the enchanter from that breast,
And whisper there
Of light and joy and liberty and rest,
Of mansions fair.—

A Father's mercy and a Saviour's love,
Thy message sweet—
A future home in heavenly worlds above,
His blest retreat.

Thrice happy then the souls from bondage brought
On wings away,
Whilst in the school of Christ each lesson taught,
They greet the day.

Bright is the impress of a soul endued
With heavenly grace ;
Whilst love and zeal and holy fortitude
There find a place.

A blessing on thy spirit ! sister, friend !
Transpired from earth ;
Angelic bands thy upward course attend,
Thy heavenly birth.

Thus, in the Saviour's presence, thou with them
Shalt ever dwell ;
And wear on high, that fadeless diadem
That crowns thee well !

“The children of Israel brought a willing offering unto the LORD, every man and woman, whose heart made them willing to bring for all manner of work, which the LORD had commanded to be made.”—EXOD. xxxv. 29.

THE WANDERER.

O'ER the upland, waste and moor,
O'er the fell and fountain ;
On the lone and sea-beat shore,
On the pine-clad mountain :

By the soft and silvery lake,
In the sun-light sleeping ;—
By the dark and shadowy brake,
Earth's own silence keeping :—

In the rocky caverns rude,
In their black recesses ;—
In each garnished solitude,
Glad with Spring's caresses ;

Through the woodland's wildering maze,
Scene of poet's leisure ;
Through its green enamelled ways,
Rich in floral treasure.

O'er the glaciers deep and high,
O'er each torrent foaming ;
Canopied by Heaven's blue sky,
Nature's child is roaming.

Musing there on mortal things,
Pluming thought's high pinion,
Oft he gains on eagle-wings,
Fancy's fair dominion.

'Neath the glowing summits there,
Landscapes broad are lying ;
Visions warm, and soft and fair,
Bathed in hues undying.

'Tis a region all unknown,
Breathing Heaven's pure ether ;
'Tis a bright ambrosial zone,
Clad in fairest weather.

'Tis the empire of the soul,
 'Tis his being's essence ;
 'Tis a world beyond control,
 'Tis a spirit presence.

Rainbow hues of light and shade,
 With forms ideal bound us ;
 And this microcosm is made
 A shining halo round us.

Metaphysic's mighty range
 Much absorbed that spirit !
 With the vast, eternal change
 That these souls inherit,

When unfettered they shall rise
 In their new-found being,
 In the light of Paradise,
 Life and glory seeing.

Then from mortal bondage free,
 Mind aloft shall travel ;
 And throughout Eternity,
 Time's deep maze unravel.

Then that secret strange and new,
 Gained at Death's dark portal,
 Shall with Glory in his view,
 Crown the young immortal !

" For the invisible things of him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, *even* his eternal power and Godhead."—Rom. i. 20.

" For now we see through a glass, darkly ; but then face to face : now I know in part ; but then shall I know *even* as also I am known."—1 Cor. xiii. 12.

FRIENDSHIP. (*A Monody.*)

SACRED to Friendship and to memory dear,
A pile I raise ;
And thus bedew with a devoted tear,
The muse's lays.

Oh ! lost to sight in its meridian hour,
Thy cherished form
That cheered as with a bright and magic power,
Each bosom warm.

Youth and the infancy of being here
Ripened at noon ;
And thou wast gathered from this changing sphere,
Alas ! how soon !

That step is light no longer, and the bowers
Are silent now,
Where Nature with her many-coloured flowers,
Enwreathed thy brow.

Thy cunning hand that wove with practised art,
Each tissue fair,
No longer bears in earth's bright things its part,
Its busy care.

No more the mirthful music of that voice
Like bird of morn,
Bids us with thee, in sympathies rejoice
To pleasure born !

Thought, busy thought lies silent, and the mind
That roamed at will
On fancy's pinion, gay and unconfined,¹
Is hushed and still.

That eye is closed in slumber, and its glance
No more descries
The fires of wit and bright intelligence
That kindling, rise.

Gone is that soul of light from earth away,
On wings unseen ;
It habiteth no more that house of clay
Where it hath been.

Up and yet upward still, our sight we raise
To track thy flight,
Thy voice is tuning now the Saviour's praise,
Thine eye sees light !

Yes ! light that circles round the eternal throne
Of heaven's great King ;
Where seraph bands his matchless worth make known
On seraph wing.

Thy steps through Death's dark valley were sustained
By sovereign grace ;
Leaning on Jesus hath thy spirit gained
A loftier place.

Friend of our youth, farewell ! that mind I ween,
Shall smile no more ;
Closed is that wakeful ear that loved to glean
The heart's deep lore.

Farewell ! the mantle of a Saviour's love
 We own as thine ;
 And with this vestment, in the courts above
 For ever shine !

"Ointment and perfume rejoice the heart : so doth the sweetness of a man's friend."—Prov. xxvii. 9.

"THE BAS BLEU."

A WITTY lady—quite a blue !
 As fain my pen would trace her ;
 Whilst light and shade of varying hue
 Sent forth their charms to grace her.

Yes, she was blue ! and deeply dyed
 In that far-famed complexion ;
 Yet was her soul so beautified,
 It bore a close inspection.

I see her in my mental gaze,
 Apart from vice and folly,
 She walked on earth, in wisdom's ways,
 In paths serene and holy.

Yet taste and learning crowned her brow
 And placed a garland on it ;
 But could she speak she'd tell you now,
 Her merits never won it.

She spake for Truth with fearless air,
 Where fatal shafts were flying—
 She drew her portrait bright and fair,
 In colours all undying.

Where senseless sons of mad misrule
 Were moving earth's contention,
 She bade them learn in wisdom's school,
 To save it from declension.

Where Fashion leads her glittering throng,
 The things of heaven she taught them ;
 She reasoned well, she reasoned long,
 And goodly pearls she brought them.

She told them of a Saviour's love,
 Who left heaven's glorious portal,
 To bid them walk His courts above,
 And wear a crown immortal.

"A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver."—Prov.
 xxv. 11.

MR. GREAT-HEART.

FULL on his way like courser to the goal,
 In fancy's light I viewed a lofty soul ;
 Philanthropy his being's chosen aim,
 Whilst zeal illumed his breast with purest flame
 Ardour was in his eye, and taste refined
 Enlivened with her grace, that sentient mind.

Untiring in his purpose, and of power
 To grapple with the foe in Satan's hour ;
 Unflinching for the truth, and well agreed
 In her defence to suffer and to bleed :
 Dauntless amid the Christian phalanx he,
 And foremost in the front of victory.
 In friendship soft and tender as a child,
 Compassionate and merciful and mild ;
 And for the sons of suffering on their bed,
 See from his eye those melting tear-drops shed !
 Amid the lion-hearted and the brave,
 He nobly stands, to succour and to save ;
 And in the Lamb's own warfare, at the last,
 When earth's dark days of conflict shall be past,
 Faithful beside his Lord, in armour bright,
 And wrestling in the thickest of the fight,
 So shall his soul departing, heaven-ward rise,
 And gain the full fruition of the skies.

"Are they ministers of Christ? (I speak as a fool) I *am* more ; in labours more abundant, in stripes above measure, in prisons more frequent, in deaths oft."—2 Cor. xi. 23.

A SISTER OF BETHANY.

BEAMING with brightness, wearing love's sweet smile
 A maiden came ;
 I looked—and read upon her brow the while,
 A Sister's name.

The pearls of Truth upon her neck were strung
In artless guise,
And words of sweetness melted from her tongue,
That charmed the wise.

She listened when from intellect's high spring
A full tide flowed ;
And whilst another's praise she fain would sing,
Her warm cheek glowed.

The poor she loved and cherished—and her heart
Seeking their weal,
Made her the balm of sympathy impart
Their woes to heal.

Deep in the shade her spirit loved to be,
For there she found
Like saints who tread the vale humility,
'Twas pleasant ground.

But most she loved her Master,—and His cause
Was near her breast ;—
She walked with Him below, nor sought applause,—
Then sunk to rest.

“She openeth her mouth with wisdom ; and in her tongue is the law of kindness.”—Prov. xxxi. 26.

THE SILVER TRUMPET.

CHAMPION of truth ! say, was there not a cause
 That thou shouldst vindicate her broken laws ?
 Champion of freedom ! with that glorious band
 Who plead her injured rights, 'twas thine to stand,
 To rescue bleeding Afric from her woes,
 To deprecate her wrongs and yield her soft repose.

Friend of mankind ! how many a golden hour
 On thee has poured its light, with quickening power ;
 How many a charm was thine of heavenly birth,
 With flowers that deck the verdant lap of earth ;
 How many a boon and blessing largely spread,
 Played in thy path and circled round thy head,
 With fruits of Paradise ordained to bless
 And cheer the traveller on, in life's parched wilderness.
 Thy eloquence that touched the heart's deep spring,
 Had power from feeling's fount, a tide to bring
 Of chastened sympathies, of hallowed thought,
 For high resolve, for holy purpose wrought :—
 Fertile and green thy borders—and 'twas there
 That pure Devotion raised her house of prayer,
 The shrine of his orisons, where the saint
 Might well the hues of heavenly glories, paint
 With telescopic vision, whilst his eye
 Could thence, Immanuel's land of light descry. .

Conversion was thy aim—thy mind and pen
 Spoke gospel doctrines to thy fellow-men ;
 And thou wast brought to Jesus, for His love
 Bore thee from earthly things to things above :

Thy soul was filled with melody—thy voice
 In praise of Zion, made her themes its choice ;
 Thus earth could cheer her denizen, and wreathe
 Garlands of sweets, where airs terrestrial breathe.
 For thee the streamlet wandered, and the bird
 Was in the stillness of the branches, heard ;
 For thee light gales played pastime,—in thine ears
 How softly swelled the music of the spheres !
 Ambrosial airs were thine, and Hermon's hill
 Sent forth its odours, powers like thine to fill ;
 Seraphic strains allured thee—peace and joy,
 Angelic anthems, saint's sublime employ.
 And thou art passed to join them where they sing
 Hosannas to the Everlasting King,
 Forever in the Highest, there to raise
 Songs ever new, to the Redeemer's praise.

“ *Is not this the fast that I have chosen ; to loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens, and to let the oppressed go free, and that ye break every yoke ?*”—ISAIAH lviii. 6. †

 THE RECLUSE.

A LADY in a lady's bower
 Secluded like a greenhouse flower,
 From vulgar ken,
 Pourtrays where love and truth abide,
 The blessings of “ mine ain fire-side,”
 With graphic pen.

The *Hour of Solitude* on her,
 Could many a heightened bliss confer,
 For she could hail
 Spirits long passed from earth away,
 And those who greet our passing day
 With love's sweet tale.

She sang of blossoms fresh and new,
 That meet the florist's partial view,
 Of graceful mould,
 Which rising from the snow-wreaths there,
 Adorn the garden's gay parterre—
 Purple and gold.

Like virtues to the Christian dear,
 That crown adversity's dark year
 With living light,
 These emblematic blooms express
 The charms of finished loveliness,
 To cheer our sight.

She sang *The Birthday*, and the hours
 Of childhood garlanded with flowers
 Of joy and truth ;
 She traced on life's progressive page,
 The way-marks of our pilgrimage,—
 The hopes of youth,

The sober certainties of things,
 Pleasures that fleet on airy wings,
 Nor tarry long ;
 The vast realities of time,
 Mortality, of stamp sublime—
 The poet's song.

A lady in a lady's bower
Secluded, like a greenhouse flower,
From vulgar ken,
Pourtrays where love and truth abide,
The blessings of "mine ain fire-side"
With graphic pen.

There, gathered in Devotion's calm,
She owns the sanctifying balm
Of things divine ;
The world with all its noisy din
Is banished,—and we see within
The heart's true shrine.

Then might a lady such as this,
So wedded to sequestered bliss,
Consent to roam,
And find beneath a northern sky,
Where nature smiles in majesty,
A kindlier home ?

Methinks I see her where a soul
Of empire bends his high control,
That heart to gain ;
Methinks I see her planted there,
Where heavens are blue and flowers are fair,
In life's new reign.

The sun of happiness has shone,
Connubial bliss that heart has won,
As well may be ;
Then welcome each accordant rill
That flows our earthly cup to fill
Indulgently.

The records of thy mental lore,
 The muse's gifts,—a liberal store,
 Thy polished lays ;
 Thy soaring thought, with taste combined,
 And all the garniture of mind,
 Have won their bays.

And may Religion from on high,
 Who crowns each faithful votary,
 This truth impress,—
 That sense and taste and genius shine,
 Clothed in her panoply divine,
 Of righteousness !

“Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning.”—JAMES i. 17.



THE METEOR.

I SAW a blazing meteor in its course,
 Eccentric, wild ;
 Urged onwards by a strange mysterious force,
 Like passion's child.

Throughout a wide-spread orbit did it play
 With magic power ;
 Upon the confines of celestial day
 And night's dark hour.

Yes, meteor like, along its viewless way,
Thy being went ;
And light and shade adorned in grand display,
Thy firmament.

It shone with beams transcendent, and revealed
To mortal sight,
Where intellect in her exhaustless field,
Displayed its light.

'Twas thine to paint the ideal,—for thy ken
In visions high,
Aspired to blend the destinies of men
With prophecy.

And thou to charm our view, couldst body forth
That image fair,
Which in the lap of Eden drew its birth—
Its vital air ;—

Our twofold state of being, where the mind
With riches fraught,
Soars on its airy pinions unconfined,
Or sinks in thought !

And this its beauteous domicile, its home
Which grace divine
Has dressed with fair perfections, there to come
And make its shrine.

The eye, in whose small orb is pictured well
Each gorgeous show ;
The heavens where joy and adoration dwell,
And earth below—

The ear that entertains harmonious sounds
In whispers clear,
The cunning hand, whose workmanship abounds
With records dear ;—

And all this matchless fabric, well designed
In perfect skill,
Where order sits enthroned ; her laws combined
And framed at will.

The soul whose varying attributes engage
The admiring eye,
Each changeful passion, turbulent or sage,
Each impulse high.

Yes, thou wast largely gifted—could it be
That clouds of night
Veiled for a while Salvation's mystery,
And dimmed thy sight ?

But passed from earth, oh let us welcome now,
Thy soul's release
To realms whose suns with light immortal glow
And smile in peace.

There to the Adored, the Crucified, whose breast
No sin might know,
The Lamb immaculate, by seraphs blest,
Shall high praise flow.

“ Christ also suffered for us, leaving us an example, that ye should follow his steps : Who did no sin neither was guile found in his mouth.”—1 PETER ii. 21, 22.

A SON OF THUNDER.

A NOBLE champion comes, and lo !
 With arrow fixed he bends his bow,
 He sends it gifted from on high,
 To work its mystic agency ;
 That arrow with its barbed dart,
 Is sent right onwards to the heart .
 'Tis ably done ! methinks 'tis sent
 To work a passing wonderment ;
 That barb goes forth the foe to kill—
 To work Jehovah's sovereign will ;
 To kill—and make alive again
 The abject sons of guilty men.

The preacher cries—" obey the Word !
 " Receive it, 'tis the Spirit's sword :
 " That word of quick, convincing might,
 " Is strong and desperate in the fight ;
 " Two-edged is the face it wears,
 " A conquering hand that weapon bears,
 " And joints and marrow shall divide
 " Before the Lord—the Crucified !"

His voice still pleads—he lifts his eye
 Where Jesus died on Calvary,—
 Where for our sins He poured His blood,
 Redemption's grand, empurpled flood ;
 Jesus ! whose light transcendeth far,
 The radiance of the morning star !
 The sinner's hope, the saint's high crown,
 The plant of glory and renown,

The God of covenant and grace !
 He bids us look—and see His face—
 The Saviour's work of love we see—
 His own "divine Philanthropy"—
 He comes our debt of sin to pay,
 To open wide the gates of day,
 To clothe us in the spotless dress
 Of His redeeming righteousness.
 And now the Spirit from above
 Descending, comes on wings of love ;
 He makes each heart-felt offering sweet
 Before the Saviour's mercy-seat,
 And bids, as hallowed incense, rise
 Our faith's accepted sacrifice.

Again the preacher's voice we hear
 In tones sonorous, soft and clear :—
 On mount Moriah's sacred brow,
 He takes his fill of wisdom now ;
 We listen whilst his accents tell
 How with the righteous all is well.
 " Behold the Patriarch—where by faith,
 " He yields his treasured hopes to death !
 " The heart's full sacrifice is made—
 " See Isaac, on the altar laid !
 " That hand gives fealty, when a word
 " Is from celestial confines heard :
 " ' The angel of the Lord' is there !
 " ' The Lord of angels' answers prayer.
 " Lo ! in the thicket—he espies,
 " A ram prepared for sacrifice ;
 " A type that spotless ram should be
 " Of great salvation's mystery ;

" Abraham in hushed devotion, now
 " May well at heaven's high altar, bow—
 " His arm upraised, the stroke suspends—
 " Whilst now in faith, obedience ends."
 Again through memory's land he strays
 And pictures saints of gospel days,
 Whilst Jesus in his presence came
 And breathed the fragrance of his name.
 " Sisters of Bethany ! your Lord
 " Speaks Resurrection's potent word—
 " He calls the sleeper, and on earth
 " Those eyelids wake to second birth ;
 " Your brother rises, and behold
 " Death's shadowy veil at once unfold !
 " Sisters of Bethany, your guest,
 " The Lord of Glory stands confest ! "

" Behold a Shepherd ! where He leads
 " His flock to rest in verdant meads ;—
 " The Saviour in this type appears,
 " For thus he walked our vale of tears.
 " See ! in the pastures fresh and fair,
 " The Shepherd of his fold is there ;
 " By peaceful rivers soft and slow,
 " He bids his faithful followers go,
 " And still beneath his wing abide
 " His people saved and sanctified.
 " His tabernacle now they raise
 " A house of sacrifice and praise ;
 " And there upon Immanuel's plains
 " The Lord of life and glory reigns."

And James *the son* of Zebedee, and John the brother of James ; (and he surnamed them Boanerges, which is, The sons of thunder.)—MARK iii. 17.

THE SWEET SINGER OF ZION.

AND let me not thy name forget
Where memory's tablets shine,—
Thy name that lives with fragrance yet
Within the heart's true shrine.

For still upon our spirits rest
The whispers of His love,
Who made thy earthly portion blest,
And crowned thy joys above.

Sweet was thy heritage below,
Where dews celestial lie ;
The streams that from the fountain flow
Of God's immensity.

To filial love like thine, 'twas sweet
When languor chilled thy frame,
The Saviour's answering smile to greet
And breathe around his name.

Sweet from thy prison cage, to soar
On wings of thought sublime ;
To view the Saviour and adore
Above the clouds of Time.

And when thy earthly house of clay
Life's grand partition wall,
Gave index of its sure decay,
Whilst tottering to its fall ;

Thy lips could raise the exulting cry,
Warmed with Devotion's fire ;
Celestial tenant, heavenward fly !
To yon blest home aspire !

Sweet was thy heritage of grace,
 With hopes that speak of heaven ;
 Sweet was thy task of love, to trace
 From morning dawn till even,

The saving mercies of thy God,
 Redemption's work divine ;—
 Thy steps in Jesus' pathway trod,
 And all his truth was thine !

“ My meditation of him shall be sweet ? I will be glad in the LORD.”—
 PSALM civ. 34.

LA DOMESTIQUE FIDELLE.

FAITHFUL Agnes—faithful Agnes !
 Let me ne'er thy worth forget ;
 And whilst time is gathering o'er us,
 Let me breathe thy virtues yet.
 Faithful Agnes, faithful Agnes !
 What though moments pass us by ;
 Friendship ne'er should yield its office,
 Truth and love can never die.

What though fortune ne'er may scatter
 Golden showers around thy head ;
 Pearls of joy and summer roses
 On thy path of life are spread :
 And, to crown thy earthly being,
 Grace doth heavenly influence lend ;
 Then how rich is thy possession ;
 Jesus speaks Himself thy Friend !

THE PALMER OF DRAYTON.

CLOTHED in that leathern doublet—see a breast
 With man's deep debt of inbred sin opprest !
 His heaven-invested mission, in that eye
 Speaks to our souls his gifted ministry.
 He like Elijah, by the ravens fed,
 And like the Baptist through the desert led,
 Found not on earth, his home ;—his proper skies
 Were smiling in the light of Paradise.
 Bound in the bundle of eternal life,
 He calls our spirits up from earth's dark strife,
 And, in the gospel message, bids us see
 Our chartered scroll of light and liberty.

“If we walk in the light, as he is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin.”
 —1 JOHN i. 7.

 BODY AND MIND.

A GENTLE poet would you seek
 Whose lips can many a lesson speak ?
 A gentle poet and a mind
 That honours and adorns its kind :
 A gentle poet would you see,
 Then come and seek his shrine with me !
 A finished person, fair address ;
 Now let me half his worth express !
 Those eyes are speaking, full and bright,
 Like crystal orbs of liquid light ;

That form in graceful moulding shines,
 Where taste with elegance combines,
 As pictured thus before your view
 With all a painter's colouring, true.

Now for the mind that nobler part,
 And for its soft ally, the heart:
 The mind is tutored, polished, fraught
 With stores of wisdom dearly bought ;
 Exalted and attuned to themes
 Above the poets' fabled dreams,
 Whilst through our being's mighty range,
 He visits regions wild and strange.
 With poet's soul and poet's eye
 He looks on nature's mystery,
 And mingles with her beauties fair,
 The colours that are breathing there.
 Then for the heart, whose living glow
 Can kindred light and heat bestow ;
 The heart—affection's sovereign throne,—
 Which princes vainly gaze upon ;
 The heart, where feeling's chosen band
 Is subject all, at her command ;
 The heart, where love and friendship reign,
 He cultures as his best domain.

A poet's soul, a poet's lyre
 May well Devotion's strains inspire ;
 He, tuned to heavenly themes, would sing
 The glories of his God and King,
 And youth and age he fain would draw
 As subjects to his righteous law.
 With patriarchs, prophets, priests, and kings
 He communes as on angel wings ;—

On wings of faith and wings of love,
 Which lift our thoughts to worlds above.
 With priests and patriarchs to converse,
 To hear what sainted bands rehearse,
 May well with mind like his, accord
 As servant of his living Lord ;
 Whilst mingling thus in heaven's blest throng
 He swells with them Redemption's song.

To tune the harp of Zion well—
 In this let all his powers excel ;
 His fervent offerings let him raise,
 And celebrate Messiah's praise :—
 Whilst clothed in hallowed vestments, see
 The sacred muse of Poesy !—

“ For our conversation is in heaven ; from whence also we look for the
 Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ.”—PHIL. iii. 20.



A GENIUS.

I SEEK to paint a genius,
 In beauty's mould enshrined ;
 And whilst that beauteous mould I paint,
 It glows with living mind.

A charmer is the guest within,—
 She trims her lamp with skill,
 And bids the light that gaily burns,
 That goodly mansion fill.

And there are spacious halls of state
Where large ideas range ;
Where bands of thoughts and feelings move
In union, soft and strange.

And gems of wit and taste are there,
And quick inventions aid ;
And fancy, with her rainbow hues,
Her tints of light and shade.

And ardour, with her sparkling eye,
And impulse ever new,
And sportive visions, as they dance
Before the admiring view.

Here too let truth and friendship paint
That love of human kind,
Which in this image-chamber dwells,
With these bright forms combined.

And charity of lofty mien,
That in her wide embrace,
Each brotherhood of Christ receives,
In heaven's appointed place.

She welcomes with a kiss of peace,
His saints and children dear ;
She loves within His church, to greet
His willing servants here.

How goodly are the tents that shine
Where His redeemed dwell !
Gathered around their Ark of rest,
See God's own Israel !

THE PLEASANT GUEST.

THOU who with observant ken,
Dost visit the abodes of men ;
Thou who in the deep recess
And the tangled wilderness,
Where the limpid babbling rill
Bids each spell-bound thought be still,—
Dost with microscopic eye
Nature's loveliest charms descry ;
Thou who on the mountain side,
By the day-beam beautified,
Or within the desert rude,
Communest high with solitude ;—
Let me hail thee ! as mine ear
Drinks thine accents soft and clear ;
Let me hail thee ! for to me
Comes thy spirit soothingly,
And methinks, that spirit seems
Bathed in light, like morning dreams.
Let me greet thee, brother ! friend !
As through life, thy footsteps wend,
And beneath my thatch awhile,
With thy voice my thoughts beguile !
Words like thine, serenely rest
In the chambers of the breast,
Sacred lessons breathing there,
With the hallowed power of prayer,
Calling up to worlds on high,
Worlds of immortality ;—
Then beneath my woodland shade
Let thy passing steps be staid :—

There awhile, in pilgrim guise,
Teach my spirit to be wise ;
Whilst thy converse shall express
Themes of heaven and holiness.
Thou canst tell me how to thee,
God shines forth in majesty,
How in night's melodious bird,
By thine ear His voice is heard,
How the clouds that deck the sky,
Seem His gorgeous panoply ;
How the mountain, lake and wood
All resound the name of God.
Thou canst tell me of the breeze
Sighing softly in the trees,
Of the hurricane, whose roar
Wildly sweeps the desert shore ;—
Nature's melodies which speak
Lessons on the soul, that break—
Whispering, as they breathe His name,
Stories of His matchless fame,
Or with music, as they cry—
God is great in majesty !

And whilst thus I count it gain
Guest like thee, to entertain,—
Tell me ! for thy spirit knows,
Where the plant of Wisdom grows ;
Teach my faltering steps to find
Flowers, the garniture of mind ;
Flowers of truth and hope and love,
Nurtured for the courts above ;
Flowers of Paradise that grow
Weakly, in this world below,

But whose blossoming beauties bloom
In the world beyond the tomb.

He whose touch of sovereign power,
Sears the soul in sorrow's hour,
By the same Almighty mind
Can each wound and weakness bind ;
Broken-hearted spirits own
Healing virtue near his throne.
Mercy's shining errand well
May thy glistening pages tell ;
Mercy's form and mercy's face,
There in lines of light, we trace ;
Whilst the tear-drop dims her eye,
For our fallen humanity.

Thus the scroll to pilgrims given,
Wouldst thou gild with hues of heaven ;
Picturing forth to mortal view
Worlds of wonder, fair and new ;
Whilst they see the day-star rise
On the joys of Paradise.

Tell me ! thou whose tutored heart
Can celestial themes impart,
Tell me ! does not Jesu's word
Speak him as our risen Lord ?
Clouds and sunshine—bliss and woe
Then with tempered mercy flow ;
Gifts of glory and of grace
Brighten then the Pilgrim's face !

Still let prayers like thine, ascend !
Still at heaven's high court attend !

Still our wants and weakness bear
On the ascending wings of prayer !
Lead the wondering sinner on !
Bring his steps to Mercy's throne,
Where arrayed in hues of light,
Jesus meets his ravished sight !
Pilgrim path like thine shall then
Drop with dew for dying men,
Pilgrim voice like thine, shall raise
Notes to heaven's immortal praise.

“How precious also are thy thoughts unto me, O God ! how great is the sum of them ! *If* I should count them, they are more in number than the sand : when I awake, I am still with thee.”—PSALM cxxxix. 17, 18.

THE SHADE OF HORACE.

IN yonder poet's walk of deepening shade,
That seems as for the Muse's converse made,
Where circling round the gentle zephyrs play,
And waft their sweets from Flora's blooms away,
A bard I see, whose polished numbers flow
Smooth', as the murmuring stream that glides below.
That fair alcove, reflection's favoured home !
That seat of rest where pictured visions come ;
Those columned pillars, whose cathedral aisle
Stands with majestic grace, a lofty pile
By nature's hand constructed, and arrayed
With verdant traceries of light and shade ;
Those broad and grassy transepts, where the eye
On beauty rests, or rises to the sky ;
Those glades of tangled blossoms ;—it was there
Your poet walked, and breathed ambrosial air.

His view embraced our being, and his mind
Pondered the mazy depths of human kind ;
Ambition, luxury, power,—each high degree
That swells that shining bubble, vanity !
Ambition, luxury, power,—and deeper still,
The wily course of man's unbridled will ;
Soarings of thought sublime and abject fear,
And feeling that could kindred joys endear :—
Through this grand chart he travelled, whilst his ken
Surveyed the dark obliquities of men,
Lit with the school-man's taper, and the ray
That high philosophy poured on his way ;
Yet lights like these give index that the soul
No longer lives in God's perfections, whole,—
That sin has marred our being—and that death
Consumes that vital flame—our spirit's breath.

He wrought the web of Homer's lofty strain,
And wove his well-spun fabric o'er again ;
He sang of Helen and the wars of Troy,
Of proud Achilles and his infant boy ;
Of brave Ulysses, vagrant and yet true,
Whose laurels shine with verdure ever new ;
Of faithful, fond Penelope, whose skill
Could lengthen out her pleasing task at will.

But best he sang Messiah's glorious name,
Who as the branch, from Jesse's lineage came ;—
He swelled His triumphs, and confessed in song,
What tributes high, to Israel's King belong ;
He sent the gospel prophet's notes around,
Whilst gales of peace perfume the sainted ground.
The Nymphs of Solyma he calls in vain,
To aid with melody his raptured strain ;

And well might lips like his, and tuneful voice,
 Well might they make Messiah's theme their choice ;
 Well might he bathe where freshening dews distil,
 His classic lays in Siloa's sacred rill ;
 Whilst prophet's theme and poet's liquid lyre
 With strains of heavenly praise to Zion's hill aspire.

" And again Esaias saith, There shall be a root of Jessé, and he that shall rise to reign over the Gentiles ; in him shall the Gentiles trust."—ROM. xv. 12.



THE TORCH-BEARER OF THE EAST.

GENTLE spirit ! gentle spirit
 Wafted on the wings of prayer !
 All mistrustful of thy merit,
 Safe in Jesu's guardian care.

Thou to distant lands wast bidden,
 On the Saviour's message sent ;
 Satan's wiles by thee were chidden,
 Darkness like a veil, was rent.

See the light of Heaven is beaming,
 Clouds in thunderous volume, fly ;
 Light and love around are streaming,
 Gladness cheers the mourner's eye.

Christ and all His great salvation,
 Lips like thine, were tuned to sing ;
 And let each far-distant nation
 Hail the world's expected king.

Learning's lamp by thee was lighted,
 Oil of hallowing grace, was thine ;
 See ! in realms by sin benighted,
 See the gospel radiance shine !

What though desert sands were round thee,
 With their palm trees faint and few ;
 There the voice of Duty found thee—
 To her gentle whispers true.

What though suns might smite upon thee,
 Fervid in their noontide ray ;
 He whose love and power had won thee
 Tempered all the blaze of day.

Way-worn pilgrim, softly treading !
 Zion's towers beamed bright for thee ;
 And whilst heaven its light was shedding
 Say ! could grief thy vestment be ?

Welcomed to thy home in glory !
 Now, thy earthly mission done,
 Thou canst tell Redemption's story,
 Whilst these circling orbs shall run ;

Whilst eternal days shall gather
 Round that radiant throne on high ;
 Praises be to God the Father,
 For His love's deep mystery.

“ And he will destroy in this mountain the face of the covering cast over all people, and the veil that is spread over all nations. He will swallow up death in victory ; and the Lord God will wipe away tears from off all faces ; and the rebuke of his people shall he take away from off all the earth : for the Lord hath spoken it.”—ISAIAH XXV. 7, 8.

THE GREAT POLITICIAN.

"ORDER is heaven's first law, and this confest,
 Some are and must be, greater than the rest ;"
 Order is heaven's first law—her transcript fair
 Engraven shines on each high portal there,
 Where glittering legions in fixt service, wait
 And render homage due to that high state.
 Law is the voice of God ! it speaks to man
 Of Wisdom's rule, and points salvation's plan ;
 Law is the voice of God, its seat is found
 Within His bosom, where all joys abound ;
 Its voice is Nature's harmony—the soul
 That moves and guides and ministers the whole.

With gentle dignity, with mental grace
 * 'Twas thine the lengthening track of time to trace ;
 In meekness self-possess, thy mind pursued
 Truth's high decrees and man's eternal good :
 Thus in thy purpose stedfast, thou didst run
 The race of thought, in life's young day begun.
 But not for thee, with an untemper'd ray,
 Did bright prosperity illumine thy way,—
 The bliss of fellowship, the light of love
 Shone not on thee, enkindled from above ;
 Domestic bliss fled far—thy hearth the while,
 Methinks I see, unlighted by a smile :
 Within this vale a chequered sun-light glows,
 And thorns encircle nature's loveliest rose.

Thou who didst here on eagle pinion, rise
 And mingle in the transports of the skies ;
 Or delving, search the depths of Wisdom's spring,
 And thence her treasured wealth like trophies, bring—
 Faith, hope and charity, and love and truth,
 The christian's pearls of joy in age and youth ;
 Thou who in man's redemption, well couldst see
 A final bliss, not finite in degree ;
 'Twas thine when passing from this house away,
 To regions of delight and perfect day ;
 'Twas thine in converse high, to entertain
 Angelic visions, a celestial train ;
 To number their bright squadrons—and descry
 What order dwells in heaven's blest company.
 Thus on the bed of death, thy view sublime
 Passed onward from the shadowy bounds of time ;—
 At peace in thy own bosom and with Him
 Who rules the hosts of shining Seraphim,
 Through the Redeemer's merit, thou couldst well
 On themes of holy love, with sainted rapture dwell.

“ Bright beings of light
 That gleam on my sight,
 My spirit salutes you in bliss ;
 All fair as ye move
 In that orbit of love
 Which our God has appointed for *His*.

“ The hope were in vain
 Your ranks to detain,
 Appointed to service on high ;
 Yet breathe on my soul
 With your hallowed control,
 And aid me to enter the sky !

“ I see you in white,
On your errands of light,
I greet you—and long to be there ;
From that glistening throng
'Tis Redemption's full song,—
Then on earth, for its notes I prepare.”

“ And the servant of the Lord must not strive ; but be gentle unto all
men, apt to teach, patient.”—2 TIM. ii. 24.

LA BELLE ARTISTE.

AN artist and a lady fair,
My pencil would pourtray,
A hand whose execution rare,
Brings imaged forms to day.

Thus with a limner's witting skill,
An artist I would paint.
Who with her crayon and her quill,
Aspires to draw the saint.

She was an artist trained to thought,
And trained to lofty things,
And thus ideal hues she caught,
Upborne on Fancy's wings.

She tuned to measures wild and high,
Her own delighted theme,
And sang with woman's ecstasy,
The poet's fabled dream.

How days of legend and romance,
And days of lady's bower,
The spirit with their charm, entrance
And bind it to their power.

She sketched the poet's noble soul,
With love and truth combined,
She showed how friendship's flowing bowl
Can sooth the poet's mind.

She pictured where the Muses dwell,—
In love and virtue's home,
And many a tale her pages tell
How Cupid chanced to roam ;

Inconstant in his fickle mood,—
But gentle, generous, kind,
Where heart by heart is understood—
Where mind responds to mind.

She pictured man's superior power,
And woman's trustful love ;
She drew the scene in feeling's hour,
Where soft affections move.

She tells of many a regal dame
To life's bright summit led,
Whose weal and woe alike may claim
The tear for greatness dead.

She tells a tale of memory's land,
Where gentle visions play ;
Where smiling youth with graces bland,
Gilds life's declining day.

Thus genius to her purpose true,
 Her finished work supplies ;
 And pictures nature to our view,
 In many-coloured dyes.

And oh, may genius such as thine,
 Each high born theme express—
 And in the fair perfections shine,
 Of truth and righteousness !

“ Whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God.”—1 COR. x. 31.

LE CHALUMEAU, OU LE COR DES ALPES.

HERO of the glacier wild !
 Let me speak thee freedom's child !
 Bounding light, in dauntless mood,
 Over field and over flood ;
 Or upon thy rugged way
 All among the mountains grey,—
 Or when evening's silent hour
 Closes round thy sheltering bower,
 And beneath that linden tree,
 One true heart beats high, for thee :—
 Let me greet thee—and exclaim,
 Hail the patriot's honored name !

Whilst the terror-stricken land
 Faints beneath oppression's hand,
 Whilst the lords of iron-sway
 Bid their suppliant slaves obey,

Whilst the reign of justice seems,
 Passed from earth like golden dreams,
 Whilst the sons of bondage cry
 For their long-lost liberty ;
 Hark ! to aid their faltering breath,
 Waked from slavery's chilling death,
 Hark ! whilst still those strains aspire,
 Waked is freedom's generous ire.
 Linked in federal bands with those,
 Hearts that wail their people's woes ;
 Linked in federal bonds that bind
 Souls in concert with their kind ;
 See ! in three-fold union bound,
 Guardians true ! of freedom's ground.

Deeply in one soul, there lies
 All of love's fond sympathies ;
 Deeply in that stricken breast,
 Worn with anguish and unrest,
 Feeling's records graven, lie,—
 Speaking love's deep mystery ;
 All a father's truth is there—
 All a father's votive prayer.
 Hush ! for o'er the mountain free,
 Pour the notes of liberty ;
 And her banner waves on high,
 Like a day-beam in the sky ;—
 Look ! for on the embattled plain,
 Freedom spreads her tents again.

Children of the household hearth !
 Where each cherished joy has birth,
 Children of the glacier wild !
 With your fate now reconciled,

Rise, and bless the name of God !
 Who amid your hosts hath trod,
 Whilst the banner of His love
 Did amongst your dwellings, move ;
 Ye, from terror's empire riven,
 Rise, and bless the hand of heaven !

"In his hand *are* the deep places of the earth : the strength of the hills *is* his also."—PSALM xciv. 4.

L'AMIE DE L'HUMANITÉ.

I SEE that form, and can I once forget,
 Upon that brow the stamp of truth to set ?
 I see that beaming face, that speaking eye—
 That soul of high originality !
 I hear that voice whose gentle notes would make
 The heart of adamant, to softness, break ;
 I *feel* that spirit, whose exalted tone
 Can make commingling sympathies her own.
 But rather, let me speak it—would she bring
 All hearts—as subjects—to their Sovereign King,
 And lead them to the cross—and with them there,
 Breathe out her soul's desire in fervent prayer.
 She sought the drunkard, on his downward road,
 And bade him leave the path his steps had trod ;
 The friendless stranger and the houseless poor
 Gathered around her hospitable door,
 And, for the sons of Adam in distress,
 She poured the oil and wine ordained to bless.
 Humanity, her heart's delightful theme !
 Benevolence, her day-star's cheering beam !
 Religion and her Lord ! for these her soul
 Now runs its race—and seeks to win the goal.

Here let the muse with home's sweet visions blend,
 And there converse with virtue's chosen friend :
 She loves the young—the sprightly and the good—
 By these her sympathies are understood,—
 She mingles in their pastimes, and can bear
 In all their cherished joys her liberal share,
 She strokes the sportive kitten—and her pet
 Lies on her hearth-rug, with his eyes of jet ;—
 Poor Cato ! fondly does thy mistress hold
 That heart of thine which never may grow cold :
 She guards the humble donkey, on whose breast
 The load of life too gravely is imprest,
 And she will plead thy council—and will be
 A friend at court, to legislate for thee :
 “ Poor little foal of an oppressed race,
 “ She loves the languid patience of thy face ! ”

Nor let us pass unnoticed and unsung
 Those loftier themes, to which her powers were strung :
 Taste, genius, intellect and science shed
 Their playful beams of radiance round her head ;
 For her the field of nature largely strown
 With countless charms—had pleasures of its own ;
 The wild flower and the coral and the shell,
 On these her tutored eye would fondly dwell ;—
 And more than all—amid the range of mind,
 'Twas her's a source of pure delight to find.
 She wooed the Muses to her sylvan bower,
 And paid them court in love and friendship's hour,
 Whilst with the souls sublime, of earth's low bound,
 She communed—as on high and holy ground.

Farewell ! and may that mantle, dipt in love,
 On thee descending from the courts above,—

Around us fall—infold us—and supply
 An ample vest of perfect charity—
 Farewell ! and may the spirit that is thine,
 On us—as from the Saviour's presence shine !

“ A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast.”—Prov. xii. 10.

THE BIRD OF MORNING.

WHO is it that with sweetest melody,
 Salutes the ear ?
 Whilst tones mellifluous, melting, soft and free
 Are breathing there.
 To heaven they rise !
 They greet the skies,
 And from this shadowy zone, they reach high paradise.

'Tis music on the gale !
 'Tis euphony and grace !
 Devotion's form our spirits hail,
 And in this hallowed place,
 The finger of our God, His workmanship we trace.

Hark ! for the notes ascend,
 Mysteriously they blend,
 Whilst in the soul
 We feel, as well we may
 Their dulcet harmony,
 Their mild control.

A spirit voice is heard,
 By no mean impulse stirred,
 The airs of Paradise those numbers sing ;
 'Tis inspiration, all,
 When from this nether ball
 We wake and rise and soar on thought's adoring wing.

A gift of love is there,
 It is the voice of prayer,
 That like pure incense reaches heaven's high throne ;—
 And thou hast learned to raise
 Seraphic notes of praise
 Which as an offering meet, before His face are gone.

Now dost thou stand confest,
 Where myriads of the blest
 For ever dwell :
 Before that unveiled sight,
 In beatific light,
 Whilst from those golden harps, Redemption's glories swell.

Yes ! thou hast joined the throng,
 Thou minstrel loved so long,
 Who here on earth,
 Didst tune thy trembling lyre
 To join each sainted choir,
 And give to mortal strains, a new and heavenly birth.

Thou badest the lisping tongue
 The Saviour's name prolong,
 Whilst infant lips perfected praise divine ;
 They learned, whilst here below,
 His matchless worth to show,
 Who bids them evermore, in His own image shine !

“Awake up, my glory ; awake, psaltery and harp ; I *myself* will awake early.”—PSALM lvii. 8.

LE BON CURATEUR.

OH what a curious labourer wast thou,
With industry engraven on thy brow ;
'Twas thine from Scripture's rich, exhaustless field
To glean the fruits its golden harvests yield,
And thus with kind indulgence to supply
A banquet of divine philosophy.
'Twas thine to search with observation clear,
Where pearls of truth in liquid light appear,
'Twas thine their choice gradations to divide,
And place their fair perfections side by side
With purity translucent, beaming forth
In brightness, that outshines the gems of earth,
By Heaven's own sun illumin'd, where they shine,
And thus pronounce, " Our Maker is divine."

Methinks I see thee where with generous oil,
The student's lamp illumes thy midnight toil,
Where tomes on tomes in chaste disorder, seem
The loved companions of thy waking dream,
Where large divinity thy spirit fills
And sacred knowledge heavenly dew distils.
Thy aid is lent to cheer us as we climb
The pathway from the elements of time
To yon eternal summit, where afar
Truth's beacon shines—our being's polar star.

How hast thou served posterity ! full well
On thy rich legacy shall memory dwell
And thank thee for thy labours, whilst thy mind
Traced that grand alphabet to teach mankind.

We praise thy soul's invention, largely blest
 Now that thy busy thought has found its rest :
 Friend of our hallowed hours, we bid thee hail !
 Where tempests beat no more, thy dwelling to assail.

"All scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness."—2 TIM. iii. 16.

AUSTER.

HARK, for a voice is on the gale,
 A soul is in the breeze ;
 A breath is wafted—and we hail
 Its gentle euphonies.

We listen—and a sound is heard
 Like airs so softly fanned ;
 Or like the cooling waters stirred,
 To cheer a desert land.

Like notes of melody that steal
 Through halls with velvet hung,
 The music of thy soft appeal,
 Falls from that silver tongue.

Like breath of cowslip, pure and sweet,
 Where vernal zephyrs play ;
 The essence of that soul we greet,
 Of cherished fragrancy.

Or like the soft, refreshing dew
 That bathes the lap of spring,
 And gives creation to our view,
 A fair, resplendent thing.

The gales that waft that spirit-mind
Steal onward to the sense,
With charms attractive and refined,
Of mild intelligence.

'Twas thine the tragic muse to woo,
And comic scenes to draw,
Where genii haunt, of forms untrue,
Infringing nature's law.

Where fair Italia's plains are spread,
Where vines and roses bloom,
'Twas thine to sing the classic dead,
And mark the poet's tomb.

Diana's looking-glass ! a scene,
Of legendary lore ;
Whose glassy lake, dark groves between,
Sleeps on its peaceful shore ;

The convent on the mountain's brow,
In regions still and lone,
Where dark desertion seems to show
An empire of her own ;

The Sybil's temple and her grove
Thy wandering steps could stay,
Where classic pilgrims as they rove,
May wile the live-long day.

Where garden groves of loveliest bloom,
In full perfection seen,
Gave forth their beauty and perfume,—
There dwelt the Capuchin ;

And from the lofty summits there,
 Was pencilled to the eye,
 The broad Campania bright and fair,
 The boast of Italy.

That intellect had power to soar,
 To track duration's range ;
 To traverse earth's remotest shore,
 And climes of ceaseless change.

The gifts of providence and grace
 Thy Muse was tuned to sing,
 And through life's pilgrimage, to trace
 The ways of Zion's king.

That truth of mystery, sublime—
 Redemption's glorious plan ;
 Thy pen, through circling years of time,
 Transmitted down to man.

We listen—for those accents rise
 From that low bed of death ;
 "See in what peace the christian dies !"
 Sounds in thy parting breath.

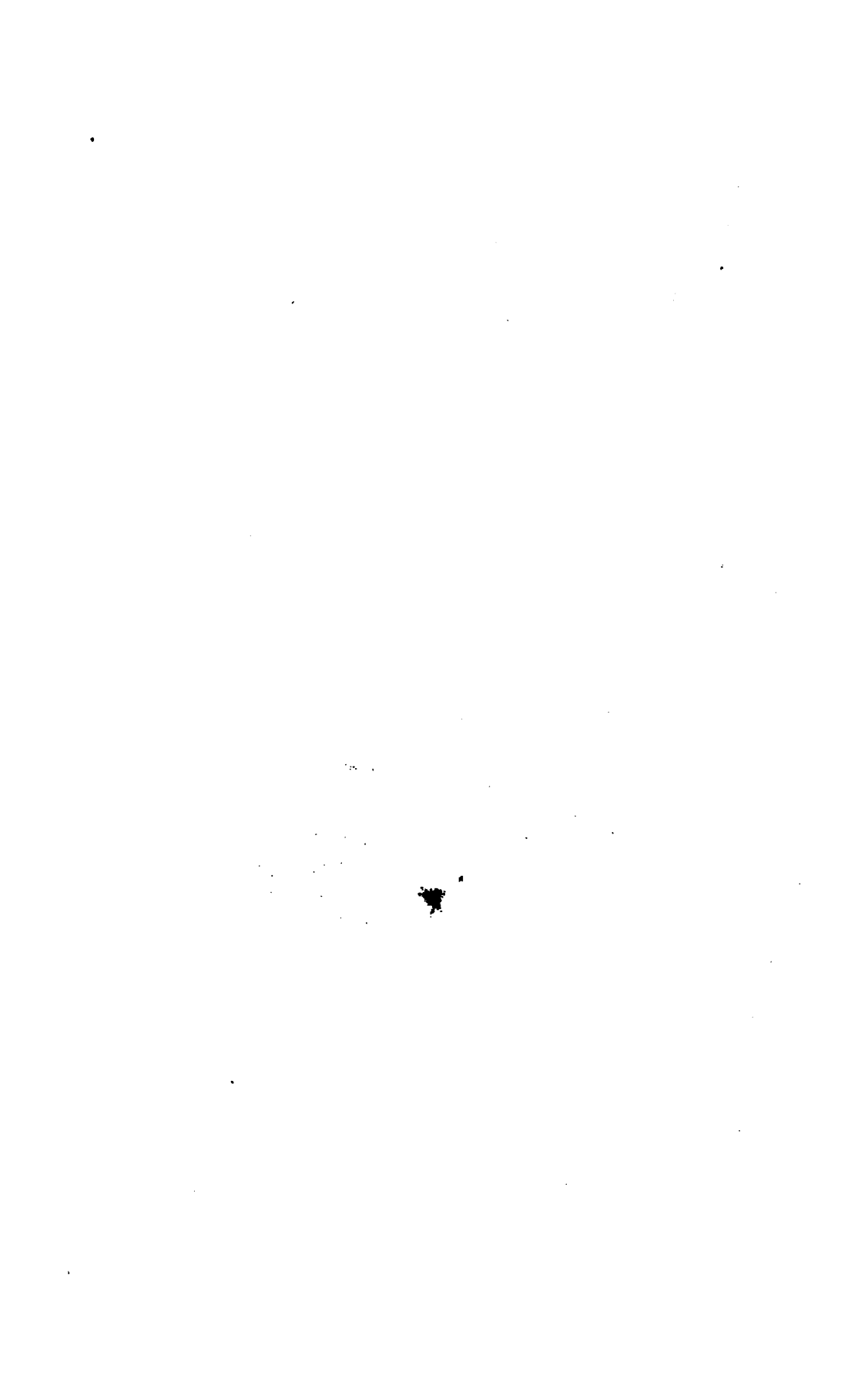
"See in what peace the christian dies !"
 For still those accents swell,
 From many a parting lip which sighs
 Serenely "all is well."

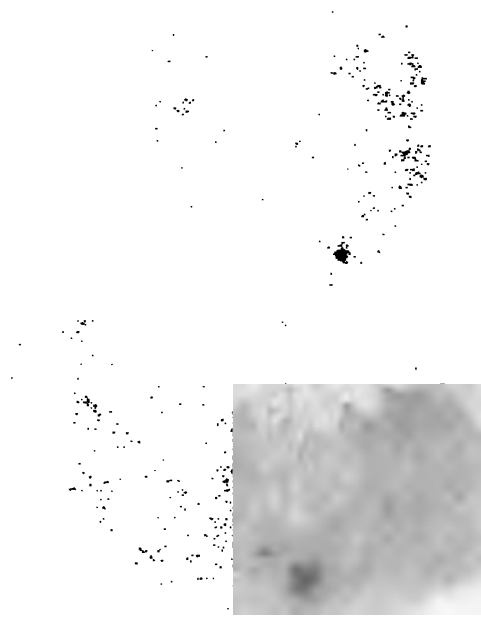
"I will go in the strength of the Lord God : I will make mention of thy righteousness, *even* of thine only. O God, thou hast taught me from my youth ; and hitherto have I declared thy wondrous works. My tongue also shall talk of thy righteousness all the day long ; for they are confounded, for they are brought unto shame, that seek my hurt."—PSALM lxxi. 16, 17, 24.





MARY
Queen of Scots.





“ LA REINE BLANCHE.”

“ DOOMED to misfortune ! did the sybil say ?
“ When first the sun rose on thy natal day ;
“ Doomed to misfortune ! life’s new joys begun
“ Whilst gathering clouds half veiled thy earthly sun ;
“ Doomed to misfortune by some fatal power,
“ That breathed its poison on thy spring-tide hour.
“ Alas, how dark thy doom ! with portents hung
“ The mantling veil around thy cradle flung,
“ Which like a canopy of shade and gloom,
“ Prefigured well the confines of the tomb.”

Hushed was the sybil’s strain—her dark decrees
Enveloped not thy spirit’s destinies,
No ! for the God of providence and love
Does, o’er the dawn of our existence, move ;
And vice and virtue, as their currents flow,
Salute the shores of happiness and woe.
Bright was thy opening morn, its beams awhile
Did on thy path, with radiant beauty smile.
Fair were thy hopes for earth, and sweet the bliss
To drink thy fill of new-born happiness ;
Soft was the bed of down to sooth thee spread,
And smooth the pillow couch beneath thy head ;
Rich was thy crown of brilliants, and thy hand
Embraced the sceptre of a votive land ;
Green was the chaplet that adorned thy brow,—
Where is that wreath of shining laurels now ?
Oh who shall paint the charms which nature gave
To deck thy form, appointed for the grave !
Thy fair and regal beauty—and the grace
That crowned thy person and illumed thy face !



M A R Y
Queen of Scots.



Bright bowers of Eden ! through your peaceful shades
 He loved to roam,
 To see, amid the silence of your glades,
 Man's first, best home.

Bright bowers, a long farewell ! your charms no more
 For mortals bloom ;
 Far from his God, on yon deserted shore,
 Man finds his tomb.

But see ! a portal opens in the sky,—
 A Saviour's love
 Lifts up his soul from sins dark destiny,
 To worlds above.

Thrice blessed there his portion ! better far
 Than Eden, now ;
 Since in God's presence, Bethlehem's radiant star
 Illumes his brow.

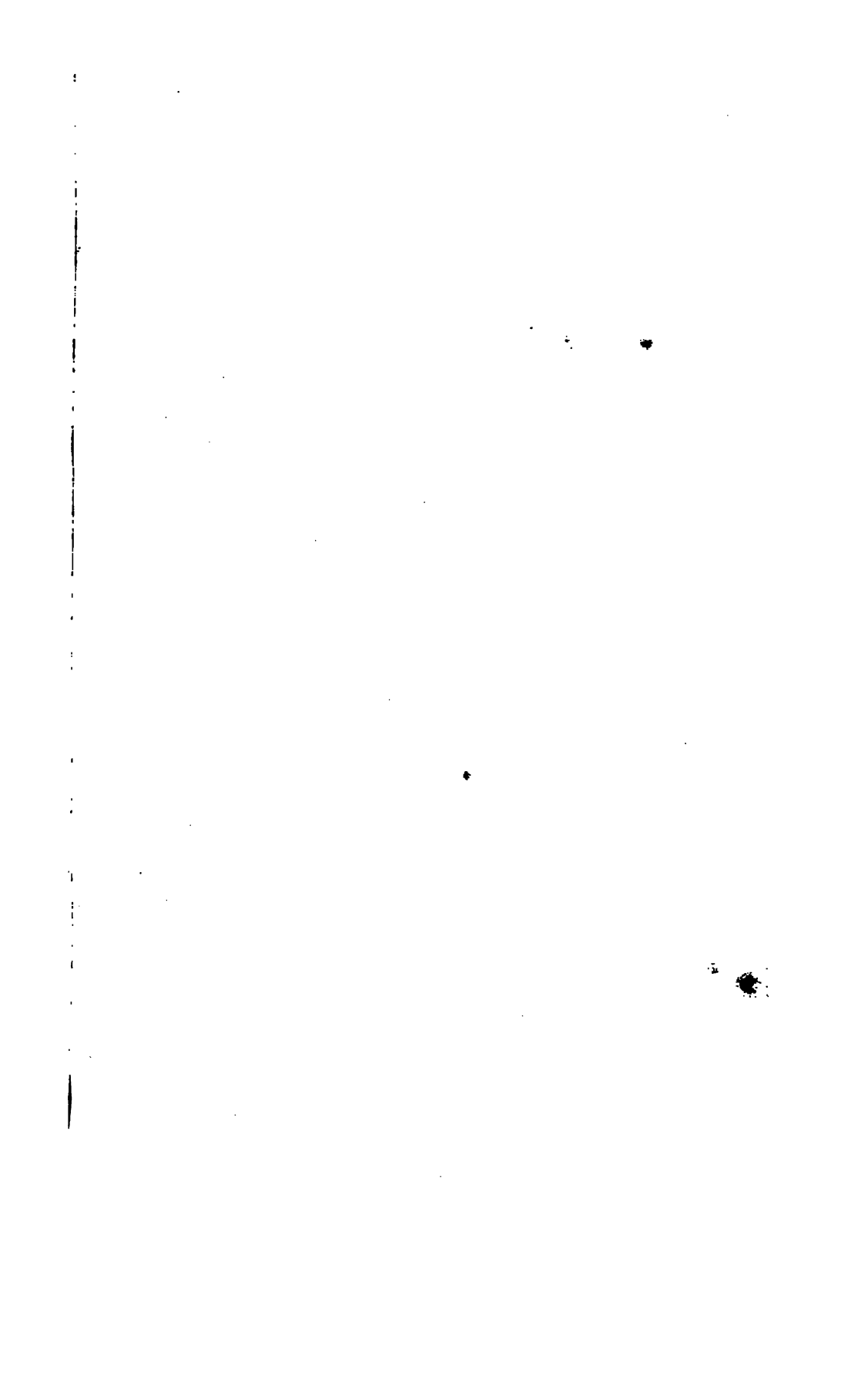
A paradise regained—a seat of rest
 The Saviour gives ;
 And there within the haven of his breast,
 The sinner lives ?

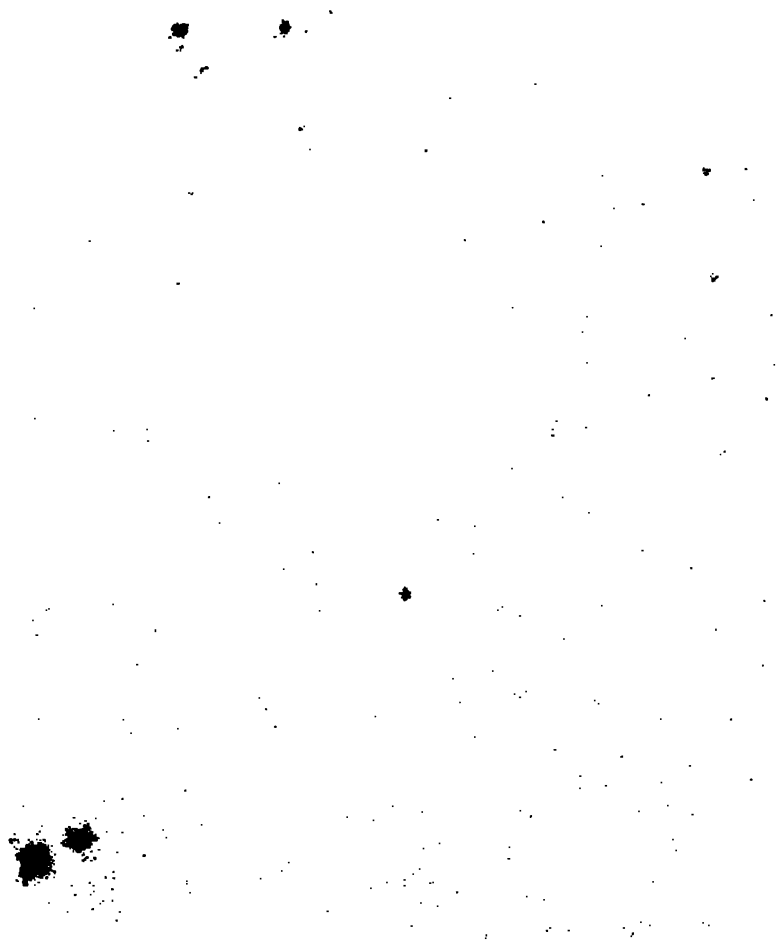
“ Canst thou by searching find out God ? canst thou find out the Almighty unto perfection ? *It is* as high as heaven ; what canst thou do ? deeper than hell ; what canst thou know ? The measure thereof is longer than the earth, and broader than the sea. If he cut off, and shut up, or gather together, then who can hinder him ? For he knoweth vain men : he seeth wickedness also ; will he not then consider it ? For vain man would be wise, though man be born like a wild ass's colt.”—JOB xi. 7-12.





John Newton





A MONUMENT OF MERCY.

A TEMPLE voice was heard,
A voice of sweetness came ;
Its music in our spirits stirred,
And breathed Messiah's name.

It spake of inbred sin,
Corruption's dark abode ;
'The household enemies within,—
Foes of the living God !

It told of aliens there,
Who shunned the Saviour's face,
Nor sought upon the wings of prayer,
His covenant of grace.

But much it spake of one,
The vilest of the vile,—
One whom the blood that can atone
Had power to reconcile.

In error's mazes lost
Throughout her trackless way,
Borne on a tide, without a coast,
Where circling eddies play,—

With helm and compass gone,
By ocean tempests driven,
Urged in a giddy tumult on
Beneath an adverse heaven :—

When hark ! a voice of love
That spoke the Saviour's will !
Calling His servant from above,
It whispered—" Peace be still !"

He sang to David's lyre
Of David's matchless King,
And bade each full harmonic choir
Attune the golden string.

In social converse blest,
To him in trust, was given
A word in season to the breast
By pain and anguish riven.

He mourned his loved one, gone,—
And breathings from his heart,
Raised many a monumental stone
That spoke affection's smart.

Yet, in each record dwells,
Consigned to after days,—
A living tablature that tells
The Great Redeemer's praise.

Engraved in lines of light
Jehovah's mercy stands ;
A beacon in the christian's sight,
A torch to bless the lands.

Jehovah's word stands fast,
His covenant is sure ;
His grace and truth shall last
Whilst sun and moon endure.

Then let the nations own
 The chastening of His rod,
 And bend in worship at His throne,—
 The omnipresent God !

“ By the grace of God I am what I am.”—1 Cor. xv. 10.

THE BOW IN THE CLOUD.

OH who may picture forth a soul like thine !
 Which clothed in light,
 To meet our sight,
 Does in its rainbow hues, with fair transparence shine.

Thou wast not formed for earth, that cumbrous load
 But vexed thee sore, upon thy heavenward road :—
 Child of affliction's hour, and child of song !
 Methinks thy essence pure,
 But feebly could endure
 Those subtle mysteries that to life belong,—
 Yet thou wast veiled in clay,
 And sin and death,
 The elements in which we draw our breath,
 Bore on thy gentle mould, their dark, disastrous sway.

Thou wast not formed for earth,
 But earthly things
 Opprest thee in thy high imaginings ;—
 With tuneful lyre,
 And soul of fire,
 Thy fancy soared aloft on its own deathless wings.

At home within thy greenhouse, where thy pen
 Rambled at will,
The Task was thine, to trace the paths of men
 And take thy fill,
 Drinking the dews of life that fall from Zion's hill.

Friendship and love and truth,
 Manhood and age and youth,
 And nature's page—
 The transcripts of a mind
 Exalted and refined,
 Within thy archives dwell, our spirits to engage.

With sunlight on the stream,
 In Cynthia's silver beam,
 Sportive, or mild ;—
 In joy's transporting hour,
 Or veiled in sorrow's shower,
 Thy sympathies could melt—thy wit wreath pastimes
 wild.

Thy melting heart
 Could well impart
 The charities that flowed so softly there ;
 Thy troubled breast
 Could sweetly rest
 On woman's words of truth—or rise on wings of prayer.

In soft or sprightly mood—
 Friend of the wise and good !
 Thy soul can charm ;—
 Thou hast a witchery still,
 To move us at thy will,
 To nerve each high resolve, or love's soft fires to warm.

Favourites of thought ! the kitten in her play,
The timid hare—
Amid thy precincts gay,
The goldfinch with his blithesome roundelay,
Enjoyed thy care ;
Whilst thou didst breathe delight with nature's tenants
fair.

Thy filial love could paint in matchless dyes,
One image true ;
Which still survives to charm admiring eyes,
In colours new ;
Thine was a "parent passed into the skies,"
And lost to view.

Thine eye was on the cross—
And all beside,
To vanity and earth-born bliss allied,
Thou didst esteem as dross ;
Whilst Jesu's love
Could well invite thy thoughts to sing of worlds above.

Attuned to praise,
Thy lips could raise
Anthems that sounded forth Redemption's plan,
And yield to fame
One glorious name,
With all the wondrous tale that speaks His work for
man.

And thou hast winged thy way
To realms of day,

Befitting thy sublimer destiny ;
 Thy rest is in the skies,
 Thou bird of paradise !
 With thee for ever more, the Paraclete shall be.

“ For we know that if our earthly house of *this* tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. For in this we groan, earnestly desiring to be clothed upon with our house which is from heaven.”—2 Cor. v. 1, 2.

APOLLOS.

SERVANT approved of God ! thy labour done,
 We see thee from the field, at sunset, gone,
 Laden with sheaves of blessing—golden grain
 Garnered above, to live and bloom again.
 Here thou didst go forth weeping, in thy hand
 Bearing the precious seed that cheers the land ;
 See how those tear-drops fall ! a pleading flood
 For our lost race, polluted in its blood ;
 But now thy toil is over, and for thee
 Shine worlds of light and immortality ;
 Thy toils at length are ended,—and thy quill
 Dipt deep in themes divine, instructs us still.
 How many a page is traversed ! whilst thy soul
 Was drinking wisdom’s pure nectarian bowl,
 Fresh from that hidden well-spring—and her wave
 To thee the tribute of her blessings gave :
 It seemed as if an angel’s sainted wing
 Passing, had hallowed that perennial spring,
 And nerved thy powers to vigour, whilst thy theme
 Woven at length, outshines the poet’s dream.

Who bade thy footsteps to the vineyard go ?
 Who showed thee where salvation's waters flow ?
 Who taught thee how amid His church, to pour
 The seeds of grace that bloom for evermore ?
 Who sent thee to His harvest—and at length,
 Who crowned thee with His own Almighty strength ?
 Jesus was thy great Teacher—at His feet
 'Twas thine to sit, and love like His to greet ;
 He was thy Counsellor, thy King, thy Friend.—
 He taught thy soul in prostrate fear, to bend,
 To make thy large confession—and to plead
 The fulness of His grace for all thy need ;
 And then His hand upraised thee—to proclaim
 Through distant hemispheres, His mighty name.

And now farewell ! but still this breast retains
 The lengthening cadence of thy gospel-strains ;
 For thou couldst weep with Zion, or rejoice,
 And still we hear the music of thy voice.
 “ Wake up ye thoughtless daughters, and be wise !
 “ Shake off your dust, and journey for the skies !
 “ For yon bright towers, your tardy steps prepare !
 “ Immanuel's land and life's pure springs are there.”
 Once more farewell ! before the eternal throne,
 Shall shine in light, the souls thy zeal hath won,
 As jewels in that crown, whose every gem
 Pourtrays it as the Saviour's diadem,
 Through endless years to glisten, and set forth
 The glory of His majesty and worth :
 All crowns then laid before Him, thou shalt well,
 The mystery of His great redemption, tell.

“ Then said he unto them, Therefore every scribe *which is* instructed unto
 the kingdom of heaven is like unto a man *that is* an householder, which
 bringeth forth out of his treasure *things* new and old.”—MATT. xiii. 52.

THE SEVERED ROSEBUD.

HIGH on a throne, with pomp arrayed,
I saw thy virtues shine ;
But faint and few the votes that made
That glittering pageant thine.

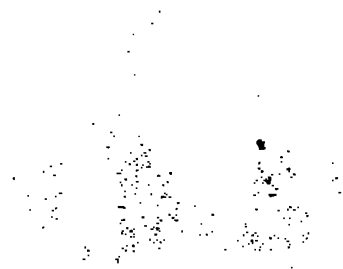
On, to a thorny couch of pain
Ambition's counsels led ;
And fond regard and flattery vain
Betrayed thee to the dead.

I saw that brow of princely mould,
By love's soft hand caressed ;
That genius lofty, vigorous, bold,
With fame's bright laurels drest.

I saw thee in thy life's young hour,
By virtue's precepts taught ;
Whilst reason's lamp, with quickening power,
Thy steps to wisdom brought.

Obedience gained thee for her own,—
A father's word, thy law ;
The steps that raised thee to a throne,
No more thy vestige saw.

Thy cherished years of ripening youth,
With bards and sages grew ;
Thy beauty shone, arrayed by truth,
With flowers of loveliest hue.







Wat. Del.

Dean. Sc.

LADY JANE GREY.

Religion came with fostering wing,
 And plumed thee for the sky ;
 Whilst hopes like thine, full well could spring
 To goodlier worlds on high.

Up to those glorious realms above,
 We see thy spirit rise ;
 Thy song is now, the Saviour's love—
 Thy home is Paradise !

“ For the sun is no sooner risen with a burning heat, but it withereth the grass, and the flower thereof falleth, and the grace of the fashion of it perisheth. Blessed is the man that endureth temptation: for when he is tried, he shall receive the crown of life, which the Lord hath promised to them that love him.”—JAMES i. 11, 12.



AGATHOS.

THOU gifted spirit ! clothed in love's soft mien,
 As through life's chequered paths thy steps were seen,
 'Twas thine in kingly courts to walk, with grace ;
 'Twas thine to bend to suffering and disgrace ;
 To wipe the tear from sorrow's drooping eye,
 Whilst from thy lids there fell the dew of sympathy.

Blest minister of heaven ! thy precepts mild,
 Tutored the nation's heir, and fortune's child.
 Rich was the promise of thy chastened sway,
 Fair the horizon of that opening day,
 Pleasant and pure the streams that flowed to bless
 Thy heritage below, in sin's dark wilderness.

But clouds thy sun o'ershadowed—and the sky
Darkened with portents, spoke a deluge nigh ;—
On rushed the impetuous billows, and thy soul
Confessed the empire of their wild control ;
On rushed the impetuous billows, fury-driven,
And to thy vision fell the thunderbolt of heaven.

Lost was thy lovely prince from mortal view,—
God spake the word, and death His mandate knew ;
Lost was thy beauteous prince, whose polished mind
Pourtrayed the lineaments of noble kind ;
He slumbers with the dead—but not in vain
Shall memory with her glass, his imaged smile retain.

But loftier themes were thine, and earth's dark clime,
No more detained thee in thy flight sublime ;—
Thy gaze was on the sky, and things that be
Veiled not the perfect light of charity ;
Heaven was thy proper home, for peace and love
Have perfumed with their breath those shining worlds above.

And thou hadst studied problems large and high,
Fables of earth and visions of the sky ;
Mythology by thee, was taught to spell
To thoughtless man, the art of living well,
And from the heathen, thou hadst learned to draw
The oracles of truth and wisdom's slighted law.

Fair was thy beardless sage ! his pictured form
Might charm our reason and our fancy warm ;
Graceful that mould ideal, fit to raise
Admiring eulogists in after days :—
Crowned with a holier light, let British youth
Invest with heavenly hues, the immortal shrine of Truth.

Thou wast arrayed in dignity—thy dower
 Had clothed thee with the garniture of power ;
 A prelate's honours spoke thy lofty state,
 And rank and station placed thee with the great ;
 A prelate's virtue spoke thy high degree,
 For heaven was in thy heart—and Christ had set thee free.

Still let us track thy spirit as it went
 With heaven-bound course, from this dark tenement,
 There shines a goodlier sun ;—a purer air,
 Where saints inhabit, and bright worlds are there ;
 Then to thy blissful home we bid thee hail,
 Where skies are clear, and well-springs never fail !

“ And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three ; but the greatest of these is charity.”—1 Cor. xiii. 13.

THE PRINCELY PURITAN.

I SAW a brow of shadowy care,
 Conflicting thought was graven there—
 With toils of state ;
 Whilst energy of dauntless tone,
 Within that mortal fabric shone,
 That spoke the great.

I saw upon that brow of care,
 Where Time had passed, his ruthless share
 With furrows deep ;
 I saw where proud ambition's prize
 Hung glittering to those ravished eyes,
 And banished sleep.

Methinks, upon that soul there prest
A load of suffering and unrest
 For days long past,
When beamings of celestial light,
That poured on its awakened sight,
 Their halo cast.

Yes, Time with ruthless hand, passed by
And wrought his work unwontedly,
 To scathe a form
Where mind with all its lofty power,
Had braved in its meridian hour,
 Full many a storm.

In sombre vest Religion came—
And there her spirit waked a flame,
 With fervour new ;
Thrice happy he, whose light of love,
Shines from the paradise above,
 Serenely and true.

Look on his exit ! as his sun
Amid the clouds of death goes down,—
 So dies the brave !
The veteran hero bows his head,
His orb of day hath vanished
 Beneath Time's wave.

He blest the covenant, whose word
Bore witness to Redemption's Lord,
 With chartered page :
From shadowy years and cycles dim,
Faithful and true it speaks for him
 To life's last age.

That "weared one!" with piteous moan
 His lips confest that God alone
 Can sooth distress :
 Whilst many a prayer for him was given
 In suppliance to the courts of heaven,
 To heal and bless.

To yon eternal kingdom then
 He turned, with faith's uplifted ken,
 And thrice he said :
 It is a fearful thing to fall
 Into His hands who judgeth all,
 Both quick and dead.

But in the Saviour's conquering might,
 His soul was strengthened for the fight,
 And filled with grace :
 Though poor and vile, his spirit well
 The Saviour's pardoning love could tell,
 And speak His praise.

Look on that scene of sacred shade !
 Where whisperings to the heart are made,
 That breathe a power
 Of solemn mystery and of dread ;—
 It is the chamber of the dead,—
 His parting hour.

The spirit, from the world away,
 Wings upwards to the realms of day —
 That earthly shrine !
 Its bright inhabitant is gone
 To bow before the eternal throne,
 In light divine.

"For promotion *cometh* neither from the east, nor from the west, nor from the south. But God is the judge : he putteth down one, and setteth up another. — PSALM lxxv. 6, 7.

THE POLE-STAR OF LEARNING.

ALL with brilliants spangled o'er,
Crowned with many a coloured gem ;
Like the empyrean floor,
Night's resplendent diadem.

So thy gifted spirit shines,
Shedding light on after days ;
And each golden tint combines
In a galaxy of rays.

Rich in mastery of thought,
Radiant with ethereal flame ;
To its finished purpose wrought,
Let thy mind its empire claim.

Genius that was all thine own,
Quick invention's magic skill ;
Reason on her lofty throne,
Wit, obedient to thy will.

Learning, science, logic, art,
Poured their treasures at thy feet ;
Poesy could well impart
Descants soothing, soft and sweet.

Nature's empire large and high,
Nature's own minutest thing ;
From the arched, ethereal sky,
To the feeblest insect wing ;—

“ Nature’s continent ” of space,
Wonders grand—and beauties fair ;
Pencilings like thine could trace,
With an artist’s witting care.

Through the trackless range of thought,
Soared thy vast, thy mighty mind ;
Distant ages thus were brought
To communion with their kind.

Like a king, whose liberal hand
Welcomes all, of each degree ;
Whilst around his throne they stand,
Pouring tribute, rich and free ;—

See ! from France, the fair they come,
From each region wild and new ;
From the palaces of Rome,—
From the bosom of Peru.

From the coasts of Greece, that lie
In the sun’s meridian smile ;
From the blessed Araby,
From each bright luxuriant isle ;—

From the cold, Norwegian home,
From the western world, afar,
See ! with willing steps, they come,
Led by fortune’s glittering star.

Thus, like earthly halls of state,
Thus thy breast its court receives ;
There attendant spirits wait,
There thy mind its influence gives.

Still let princely powers like thine,
 Heaven derived, to heaven ascend !
 Thus shall stars on earth that shine,
 With celestial glories blend.

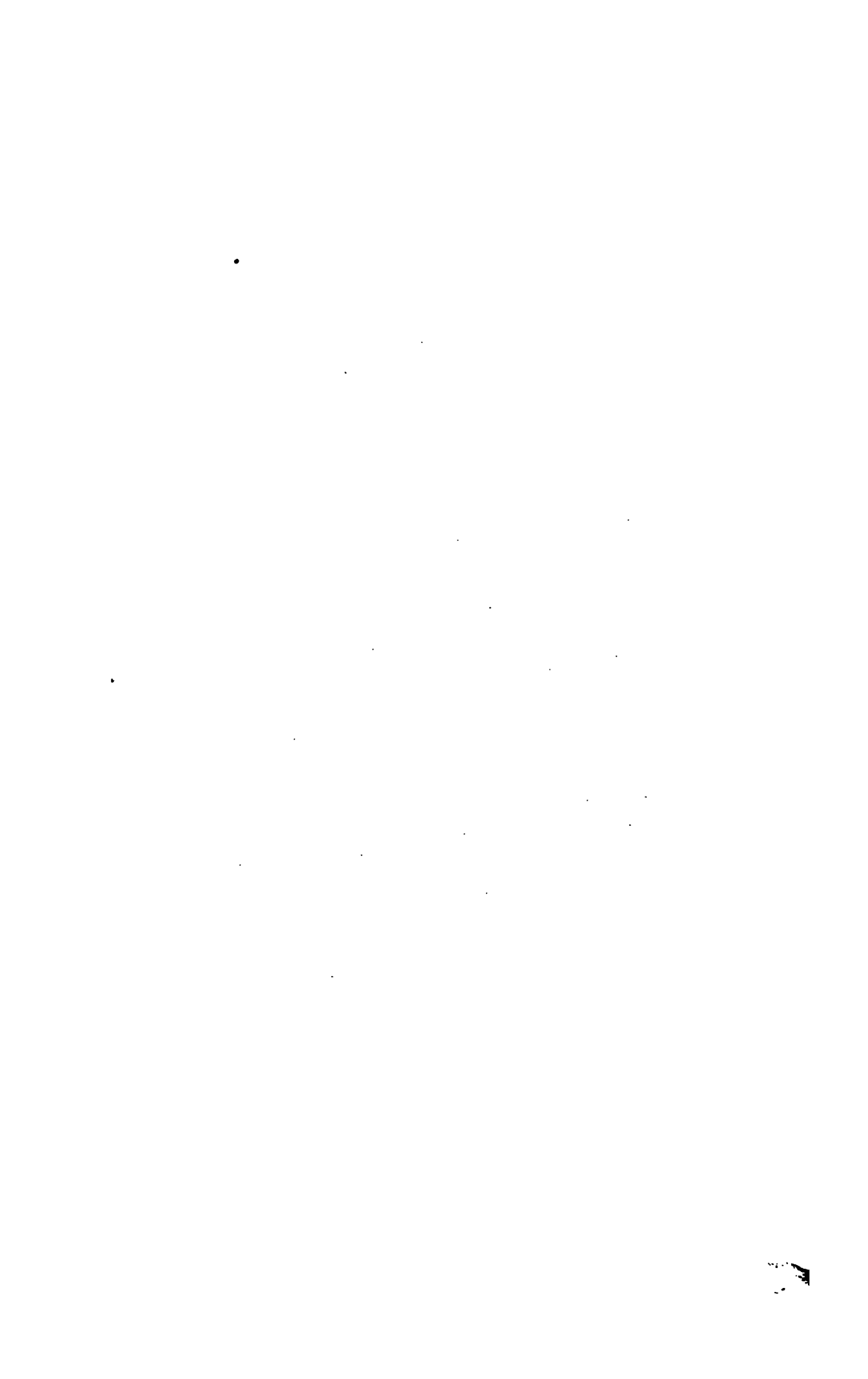
With celestial glories there,
 Still shall shine each living ray ;
 See that pathway bright and fair !
 'Tis the Christian's milky-way !

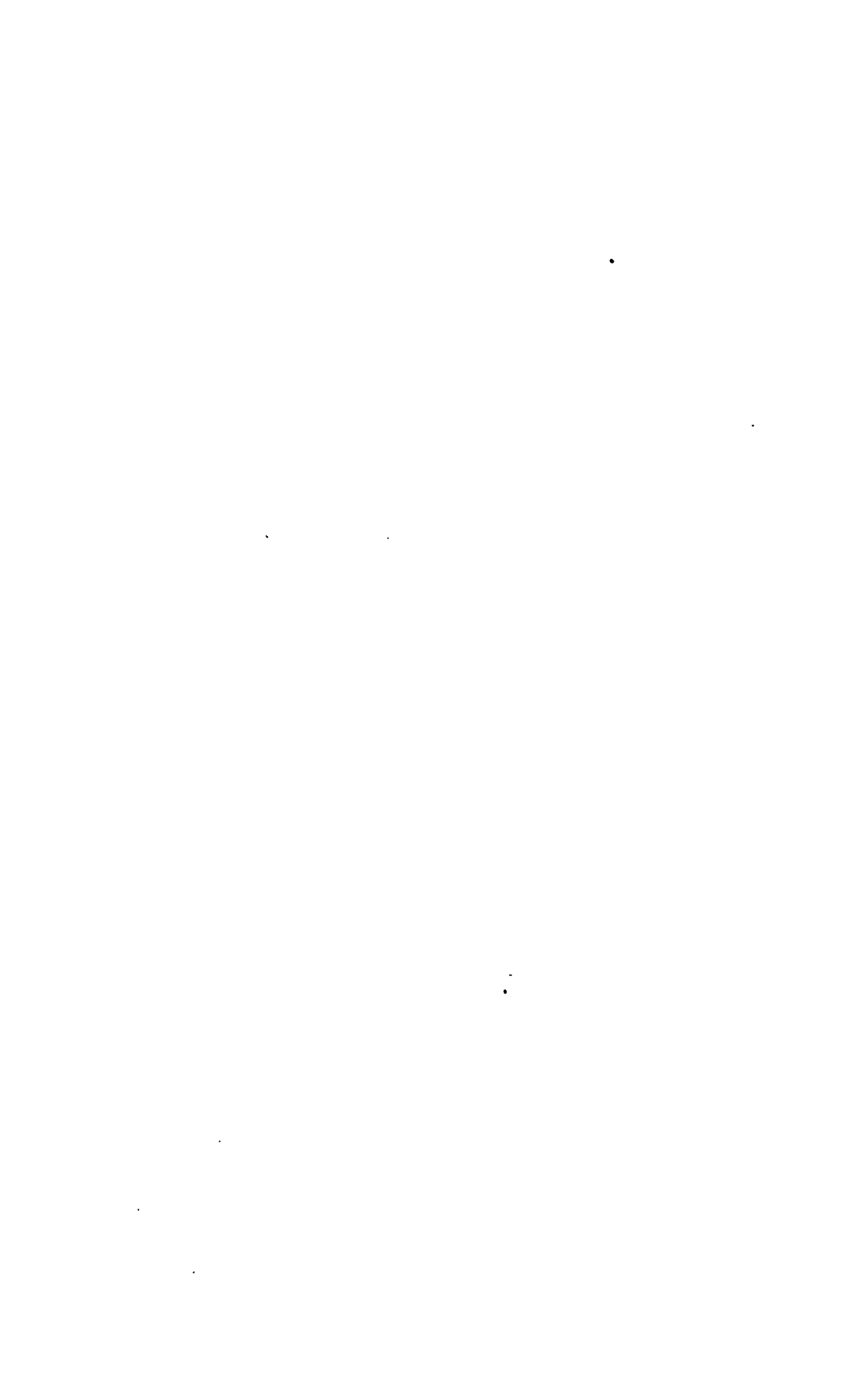
"The works of the Lord *are* great, sought out of all them that have pleasure therein."—PSALM cxi. 2.

"Remember that thou magnify his work, which men behold."—JOB xxxvi. 24.

THE GOSPEL MENTOR.

How fine thy thoughts ! how pure thy mind !
 How large thy love of human kind !
 What tokens hast thou left to tell
 Thy love of God's own Israel !
 How deep thy views of Satan's power !
 How high thy joys in holier hour !
 What tenderness and truth appear
 When from thine eye-lid, falls the tear.
 How many a soul shall bless the day
 That bade thee clear his doubts away ;
 And teach him, as a child restored,
 To praise and magnify the Lord.
 How, when the debt of sin is paid,
 And all its weight on Christ is laid,

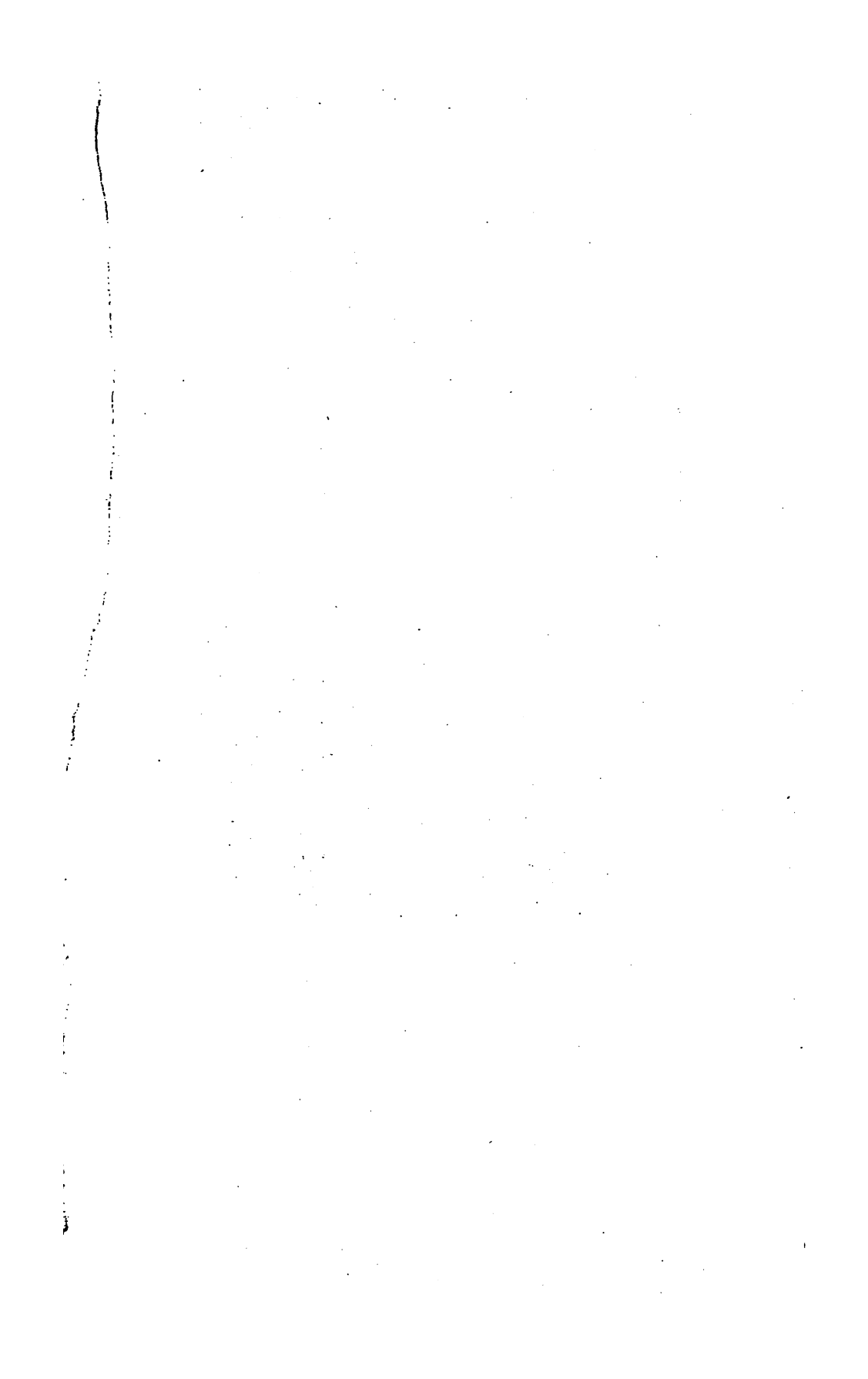






Engraved by Rogers from the Original Painting by Sardi

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, D.D.



How does the spirit bounding, free,
Exult in new-found liberty !
Such was thy gladdening task on earth,
To foster the celestial birth—
To teach the soul how light divine
Does in its inner chambers shine,
To trace *The Rise and Progress* there,
Of heavenly grace, bedewed with prayer,
Which quickens or which soothes the while,
By God's dread frown or favouring smile.
And thou hadst learned with pure desire,
To touch the strings of Judah's lyre,
'Twas thine in measured strains, to sing
Salvation and her glorious King,
Whilst truth's own signet lives to bless
Thy strains of truth and tenderness.
Then at thy close, when life's last sun,
The horizon gained,—his circuit run,—
From earth declines—our eyes behold
Where clouds of amber and of gold—
A fair pavilion in the sky,
Receive his parting radiancy ;
Where, through a sea of living light,
His glories vanish from our sight,
To rise in new resplendent dress,
And meet the Lord, thy righteousness.

“ But the path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.”—PROV. iv. 18.

“ Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father. Who hath ears to hear, let him hear.”—MATT. xiii. 43.

HEBE.

LIKE to the babbling rill
That softly flows,
And murmuring wanders at its own sweet will,
Where blooms the rose ;

Like to the linnets note
When skies are clear,
Or like the robin's silver throat
In winter sere ;

Like nature's own sweet flower,
" Forget me not,"
That haunts accustomedly in summer hour,
Each well-known spot ;

Like golden broom and ling
That blossom free,
And win the smile that greets each gentle thing—
With amity.

Like to the thoughts that dwell
Within the breast,
Whilst they the harmony of feeling tell,
And quiet rest ;

Like the remembered hours
Of love and youth,
Of sweet companionship in friendship's bowers,
Of peace and truth ;

Like each glad thing and fair
That earth can give ;
Which bids us in her furnished banquet share,
And joy receive ;

A spirit greets mine ear,
 A form I see,
 A genius all to taste and feeling dear,
 That smiles on me.

Welcome the glorious light
 That God hath given !
 The beams of intellect with radiance bright,
 Descend from heaven.

Not all, not all of earth
 Let poets tell ;
 There is a land of pure celestial birth,
 Where seraphs dwell.

There is a Saviour risen
 Our hearts to cheer ;—
 Yes, He hath soared aloft from this dark prison—
 He is not here :

For He hath burst these bands,
 This house of clay,
 And pleading for His people, now He stands—
 In heaven's own day.

Redeemer ! Saviour ! King !
 We bless Thy name ;
 Whilst we well-pleased, thy glorious praise would sing,
 Thy power proclaim.

Honor and thanks and praise
 Oh Lord, to Thee,
 Shall every lip and tongue in concert raise
 Eternally.

“ That at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of *things* in heaven, and *things* in earth, and *things* under the earth ; and *that* every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ *is* Lord, to the glory of God the Father.”—
 PHIL. ii. 10, 11.

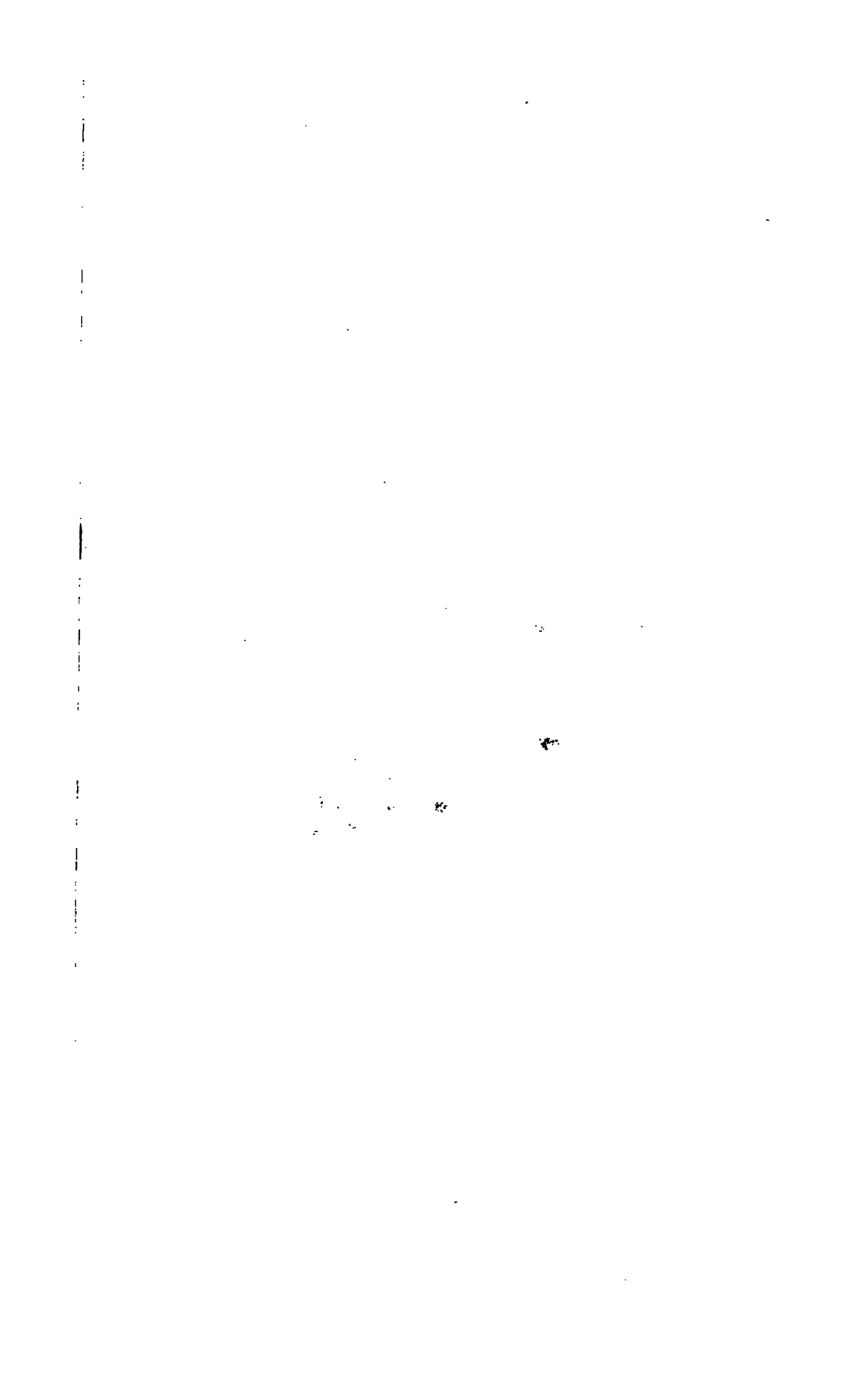
THE NIGHTINGALE OF THE CHURCH.

A MILD and polished courtier ! who attends
 Upon his Master's call—and serves His friends ;
 Well used to wait His bidding, and supply
 The Prince's cup of joy and charity :—
 How blest is such a service, for 'tis sweet
 The face of such a favouring Lord to greet.

He seeks the presence-chamber, and 'tis there
 He pours his soul's request in fervent prayer,—
 He fain would touch the sceptre—like that Queen
 Who walked in eastern courts with gracious mien,
 Commissioned by her sovereign—sent to bless
 His remnant church amid the wilderness.
 Such was thy high commission, saintly bard !
 Instructed in the counsels of thy Lord ;
 Whilst thou didst guard His oracles, and shed
 The light of truth, where night's dark wing was spread,
 Thy mind was clothed in beauty, and thine eye
 Surveyed the shores of immortality ;
 Sin marred thy soul's complacence—themes divine
 And heavenly musings fill'd that breast of thine.

Now from the thorny paths of life withdrawn,
 We see thee to thy home of blessing gone,
 And there in shelter from the world's dark frown,
 Bowers of domestic bliss thy presence own.
 Thou gentle nurse ! beside that cradle bed,
 Thy hand could softly sooth the infant's head,
 And rock him to repose—thy book the while,
 Made scenes of peace like these, with moral culture smile :
 There to thy cherished loves, thy breast supplies
 The current of its own sweet charities ;



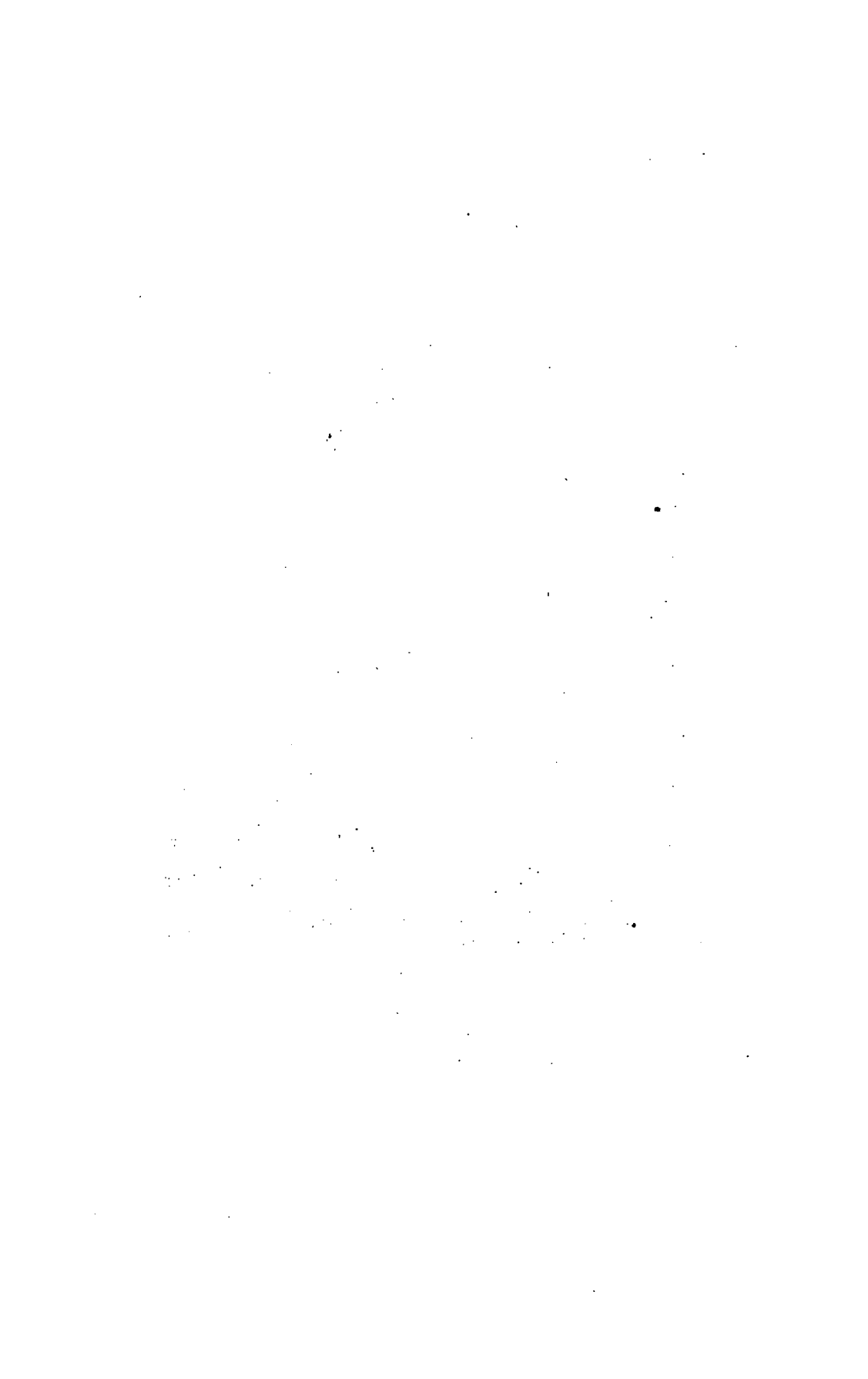




Holbert

W. J. Edwards

Melancthon.



And whilst for thee there throbs one bosom warm,
 Reason, religion, love, your vows confirm.
 As in the water face to face replies,
 So doth the heart of man by sympathies ;
 Thus in thy breast, responsive feeling shone,
 And made each kindred claim at once thine own.
 Where genius beamed with an unclouded ray,
 'Twas but to mingle with the blaze of day,
 Whilst piety did in thy dwelling move,
 And make thy household law the law of love ;
 Her form the pillar of thy spirit's trust !
 Thy soul superior to earth's sordid rust,
 Learn'd at her voice thy liberal hand to spread,
 And scatter blessings on the unsheltered head,
 Whilst from thy table votive thanks ascend
 * To Him thy God, thy Almoner, and Friend.
 Peace was thy native element, the clime
 Where thou didst dwell, above the clouds of time,—
 Her palm-branch was thy signet, fresh and green,
 Which in thy hand and on thy hearth was seen.

The classic stream refreshed thee—and with skill,
 'Twas thine to wield the controversial quill ;
 Wit, learning, eloquence, combined to pour
 Their treasured wealth to aid thy plenteous store ;
 Thy mind was richly furnished,—thought sublime
 Flowed o'er thy soul from life's remotest time,—
 As fertilizing streams, as radiance bright,
 It cheered thy spirit and illumed thy sight.
 Oh, what a world of beauty strikes our view
 In wisdom's grand creation, ever new !
 There does the quickened genius walk abroad,
 And mark the perfect heritage of God ;

H 2

* To Him thy God, thy Guardian, and thy Friend.

There contemplation lingers—to survey
 Each alley green, each fair attractive way,
 Devotion there wins empire, and the sound
 Of heavenly music fills the vaults around.

Friend of the heart, and brother of mankind !
 Soft are the bonds which gentle natures bind ;
 Soft are the bonds of brotherhood, where faith
 Survives the dark and shadowy realm of death :
 Thine was a bright intelligence ! the ray
 That made thee blest, yet gilds our lengthened day ;
 Thy day-star shone from heaven, whilst Jesu's love
 Attuned thy lips on earth—and fills thy strains above !

“ I will take the cup of salvation, and call upon the name of the LORD.
 I will pay my vows unto the LORD, now in the presence of all his people.”—
 PSALM cxvi. 13, 14.

THE BEACON-FIRE.

A SCHOLAR to the temple gone,
 An honour to his kind ;
 On yonder high and mighty throne,
 A potentate in mind.

Far through the universe of thought
 His bright ideas glow ;
 That spirit-light methinks, was brought
 To gild this world below.

A casuist of high degree,
 A sophist of the schools ;
 A disputant where factions be,
 A paradox —————.

A harbinger of light and truth,
 A child to wisdom dear :—
 Thrice happy he whose light of youth
 Shines on his parting year.

Where surges dash and tempests lower,
 Where adverse skies are dark ;
 We pity in that fearful hour,
 The mariner's frail bark.

That mighty surge, that swelling wave,
 May shatter and dismay ;
 But see! the Pilot strong to save,
 Who walks the billowy way.

That blessed ark, the Church of God,
 No winds nor waves may sever—
 Borne through the depths where Jesus trod,
 In Him it rests for ever.

“ Wherefore let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall.”—
 1 Cor. x. 12.

THE AURORA.

BORNE on the wings of genius, rayed in light,
 An essence came :
 Methinks a meteor passed before my sight,
 In woman's name.

Wit was her spirit-language, from her tongue
 Did full notes swell ;
 And melodies which there like pearl-drops hung,
 In beauty fell.

Her lips were bathed in dew—gems clear and bright
Were sparkling there ;
Like morning's rosy balm that cheers the sight
And scents the air ;

Her page was nature's record—for with skill
Her pen pourtrayed
How man hath walked at his own bootless will,
Through light and shade.

She marked the course of nations—and her eye
Looked sagely back,
Upon the wonders of their destiny,
Through time's long track.

Manners and mind she penciled—and she walked
With musing tread,
Amid the homes of Europe, where she talked
With Europe's dead ;

And with her living—who in lustre shone,
She communed high,
With earth's bright tenants, and with spirits gone
Beyond the sky.

She treads this vale no longer, where her soul
Saw visions bright ;
She now has passed life's confines, won its goal—
And gone from sight.

“ Man goeth to his long home.... ..then shall the dust return to the earth as it was : and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it.”—EccL. xii. 5, 7.

VERITAS.

How wonderful is thought ! how vast is mind !
 Soaring through God's creation unconfined ;
 Or when on these His works, it rests its wing,
 And settles there, its high imagining.
 And thou hast learned to trace Him, with an eye
 Intent to search each hidden mystery ;
 His goodness and His justice and His power,
 Thy scan surveyed in wisdom's hallowed hour,
 Whilst truth, with chastened energy, made plain
 The fair perfections of His wide domain.

Thy pen was dipt in knowledge—and for thee
 Flowed out the wealth of sacred alchemy ;
 Thy mind was bathed in ethics, whose full tide
 Has reached our hearts through channels large and wide :
 With nice *Analogy*, 'twas thine to trace
 The accordant links of nature and of grace,
 How God in His high dealings, visits man,
 And for our weal unfolds Redemption's plan.

Hail to thy tutored spirit ! heaven on thee
 Poured out a flood of well-tuned harmony ;
 Hail to the souls sublime, well skilled to soar
 Or fold the wing—and sit at wisdom's door :
 We greet you in your course,—your mission high,
 Proclaims your embassy from yonder sky ;
 We greet you on your way—your record fair
 Speaks that the God of truth has stamped His signet there.

“ He that planted the ear, shall he not hear ? he that formed the eye, shall he not see ? He that chastiseth the heathen, shall not he correct ? he that teacheth man knowledge, *shall not he know ?* The LORD knoweth the thoughts of man, that they *are* vanity.”—PSALM xciv. 9-11.

ANGELICA.

BRIGHT in thy course and blessed in thy close,
 Sister and saint ! in Jesus now repose !
 Daughter of faith ! we see thy spirit rise
 And catch thy mantle—passing to the skies.
 Daughter of faith and hope and love sublime,
 To thee how precious were the sands of time.
 Truth's fair ambadress we see thee stand,
 And foremost thou, in Zion's holy band !
 Oh, who may speak thy mission ? saints in heaven
 Who find their seven-fold debt of sins forgiven,
 And spirits of this earth, with stedfast eye
 Now gazing full on immortality,
 And converts yet unborn—let these confess
 That Christ's own ministers have power to bless—
 To touch the heart's deep well-spring, and to raise
 From that parched fountain, tributes to His praise.

Sister and saint ! whilst in life's chequered vale,
 Where roses oft-times wither and grow pale,—
 'Twas thine to cheer the mourner—and to dry
 The falling tear with looks of sympathy,—
 'Twas thine to bless the stranger—and to greet
 His ravished ear, with accents soft and sweet,—
 'Twas thine to raise the contrite, and to show
 In yon blue firmament, the promised bow ;—
 Well skilled to heal the wounded—and to bind
 The broken-hearted children of mankind.
 And thou couldst pour upon the troubled sea,
 The oil of joy and peace and charity ;—
 Though winds and waves were round thee—yet thy bark
 Was cradled like the prophet's hallowed ark ;
 For Jesus was thy Pilot—and His word
 Is ever in the soul's deep stillness heard.

He led thee all thy pilgrimage along—
 And in thy lips He put Redemption's song—
 He bore thee on thy journey—and thy heart
 Embraced His gospel as thy better part :
 His Spirit clothed His servant, and His power
 Sustained thee in the bright and shadowy hour,—
 His Spirit clothed His servant, and thy voice
 Attuned to numbers, bade each heart rejoice.

Look on the weeping Magdalene ! whose cheek
 Glows with a fervour language cannot speak,—
 Look on the heart-sick criminal ! whose brow
 Has burned with anguish words may never show,
 Look on the sons of suffering and distress,
 Whose path has lain through earth's dark wilderness !
 The convict—and the felon in his cell—
 Let these unite, a tale of love to tell !
 These all shall greet thee in Immanuel's land,
 Where sainted hosts in shining vestments stand—
 Where, as the stars for ever fair and bright,
 The wise shall shine with beams of living light ;
 Where songs of jubilee and strains of joy,
 Angelic tongues, angelic harps employ.
 Yes ! these shall greet thee, and together there
 Your souls their votive anthem shall prepare :
 Glory and praise, and honour and renown—
 To Him who sits sublime, on heaven's high throne ;
 And to the Lamb high praises let there be
 Throughout the years of vast eternity !

“ Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world : for I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat : I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink : I was a stranger, and ye took me in : naked, and ye clothed me : I was sick, and ye visited me : I was in prison, and ye came unto me.”—*MATT. XXV. 34-36.*

“ Go, and do thou likewise.”—*LUKE x. 37.*

THE STUDENT.

A SOUL intent on learning do you see ?
 That weighs each argument of high degree,
 And trades in mind :—
 That delves in search of wisdom's hidden spring,
 And soars on fancy's unsustaining wing,
 True peace to find.

Oh, rather let him seek the christian's prize,
 And solve the problems of the good and wise,
 To crown his bliss :
 Thus diving where the pearls of truth may lie,
 And soaring into converse with the sky,
 Shall peace be his !

“ If I ascend up into heaven, thou *art* there : if I make my bed in hell, behold, thou *art there*. If I take the wings of the morning, *and* dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea ; even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me. If I say, Surely the darkness shall cover me ; even the night shall be light about me. Yea, the darkness hideth not from thee ; but the night shineth as the day : the darkness and the light *are* both alike to thee.—PSALM cxxxix. 8-12.

THE MODERN HANNIBAL.

STRIKE ! strike the notes of woe !
 Sound forth the funeral dirge !
 For him whose head lies low
 Beyond the surge.

Yon islet of the deep,
 Beneath a glowing sky,
Saw in repose, those eye-lids sleep
 The sleep of infancy.

Yon islet far and lone,
 Where waves their vigils keep,
Saw where at eve his sun went down,
 And closed his eyes in sleep.

Mourn for the mighty dead !
 Low in the lap of earth ;
His light of day is fled—
 Be silent, mirth !

Toll for the high, the brave,—
 For Europe's conqueror toll !
He now has found a grave ;—
 Peace to his soul !

Weep for the lost one, gone
 Where shadows be ;
Oh ! tell me, hath he won thy crown ?
 Eternity !

The captive exile reaped
 His full award of tears ;
In sorrow's wave his soul he steeped,
 Viewing past years.

This little monody to the memory of Napoleon is designed, not so much to bewail his departure from the political horizon, as to express a christian lament in the contemplation of his sad and solemn exit from time to the unknown realities of eternity.

His hearth is silent now,
His vacant throne a name,—
His sceptre in the dust lies low—
Consigned to fame !

Like the Assyrian king,
He owned too late,
That proud ambition wears a sting ;—
Whilst human fate,

That bauble in the game
Of wealth and power,
May well deserve a loftier name
In wisdom's hour.

One Arbiter alone
Our path ordains ;
For God on His Almighty throne,
Through empire reigns !

“Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further : and here shall thy proud waves
be stayed.”—JOB xxxviii. 11.

CŒUR DE LION.

HARK ! for thine ear hath heard
A heavenly call,
Which through thy breast hath stirred :
Hush ! for a voice of love
Steals on thy soul,
And bids thee run thy race and win the heavenly goal.







Lucas Ormisch

J. Rogers

Martin Luther



Deep were the shades that round thy dwelling lay,
And dense within
The canopy that veiled the face of day ;
Where death and sin
Bound fast their iron chain, thy captive life to win :
Look where yon radiance streams !
Thy dark abode
Shines with the light of grace, the effluence of thy God.

Up ! with thine armour on ;
Soldier, be wise, beware !
And fight for Him,
Maker and Monarch of the earth and air,
'Mid shining seraphim :
Thine is a glorious work,
Soldier, be wise !
Perform thy part on earth, and run for paradise !

Look where the enemy the battle swells !
With murderous rage,
But soon that rage shall cease,—
A Champion in the host of Israel dwells—
The God of peace !

The conquering sword, the thunderbolt of power
His arm shall wield,—
Salvation is His work—the appointed hour
Shall gain the field.

Enveloped in the thickest of the fight,
Thy form we see !
Soldier in arms, well done !
Thy course is free :
Transfigured is thy being, and thy port
Is majesty !

Grace has renewed thy spirit, grace divine
 Has on thee shone,
 Thy Master calls thee from that world above—
 His radiant throne !
 His hand extends the tokens of His love,
 Thy work to own :
 Soldier, look up !
 The accepted time is come—
 He gives thee welcome there to thine eternal home!

For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities,
 against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against
 spiritual wickedness in high *places*. Wherefore take unto you the whole
 armour of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having
 done all, to stand.—EPHES. vi. 12, 13.



NARCISSA.

IN colours bright and clear,—of varying hue,
 A portrait glows !
 The image of a soul refined and true,
 Its radiance throws.

Shrined in accustomed scenes, to memory's eye
 Thy vision dwells ;
 And Fancy with her glass, can well supply
 Life's broken spells.

I may not see thee in thy pilgrim dress,
 My heart to cheer ;
 Thou wast a dweller in earth's wilderness
 To virtue dear.

Thy lays were from the heart—they touched a spring
That hidden lies—
And like the bird of night, 'twas thine to sing
Soft melodies.

Thus thou didst sooth thy being, pouring forth
Those themes divine,
In which the Saviour's merits and His worth
Recorded, shine.

I fain would greet thy spirit—as I track
This vale below ;
But thou ! how could I wish thy presence back
To pain and woe ?

'Tis sweet, 'tis doubly sweet, as here we tread
Life's chequered road,
To mark the steps of those, the early dead,
At home with God.

I fain would greet thee in life's little day,
As wisdom's child ;
Scattering fresh flowers of thought around thy way,
Whilst nature smiled.

Sweet is the memory of thy labours done,
Thy task of love—
But thou a never fading wreath hast won—
A crown above.

Thy soul commissioned with a rich bequest,
Her message gave ;
The accents on thy tongue spoke to the breast,
How Christ can save.

Thy voice was heard by many a bounding heart,
In youth's gay hour ;
And counsel from thy lips might well impart
A chastening power.

But soon thy course was finished : Heaven's decree
Its mandate gave ;
Thy pathway led beyond the billowy sea,—
The ocean wave :

And there, upon thy Master's service gone,
And hand in hand
With him, thy own, thy best beloved one,
'Twas thine to stand.

Ready to meet thy Lord, and see His face,
In clearer light :—
Thy walk had been a pilgrimage of grace ;—
But now thy sight,

Thy ravished sight beholds Him, and thine eye
No longer dim,
Where Jesus gives thee immortality,
Looks full on Him.

He is thy morning-star, the ethereal beam
That here on earth,
Waked up thy soul to an unfading dream,—
Thy glory's birth.

"Thy statutes have been my songs in the house of my pilgrimage."—
PSALM cxix. 54.





Engraved by Edwards from the original painting by Kneller.

John Dryden



THE CHRISTIAN PILGRIM.

A SINNER saved, a saint on earth,
 A spirit of immortal birth,
 A pilgrim on the heaven-ward road,
 A child returning to his God !

Where is the mount, the fiery flame ?
 From whence the thundering voices came,
 That burthen once, so *hardly* borne,
 Those sandals, in rude pathways torn ?
 Where are the terrors of the law ?
 The sight that once thy vision saw ;
 Christian ! forsake that tattered dress !
 Thy passport through the wilderness,—
 Christian ! to heaven direct thy gaze !
 Attune thy voice to prayer and praise ;
 Christian ! let joy thy spirit fill !
 Look up ! 'tis Zion's holy hill.

Thine eye perchance, turns fondly back
 And views thy long forsaken track,
 It sees destruction's dread domain,
 Where guilt, remorse and terror reign ;
 It looks to Satan's citadel,
 Where Sin and all her minions dwell—
 See ! too, the slough of deep despond !
 Again, look up ! hope smiles beyond.
 That wicket gate ! what pilgrims there
 Have entered by the power of prayer !
 Thine eye beheld infernal rage,
 The prisoner in the iron cage ;—
 Thou lookedst—and Demas' feet had gone
 Where earthly dross like brilliants, shone,—

Those slippery ways ! alas ! alas !
 The ways of man are smooth as glass,
 But false the glitter and the show,—
 Darkness and death lie veiled below.

Look on the vanities of men !
 The sight forbids an angel's ken.
 Christian ! with Faithful at thy side,
 'Twas thine to roam each margin wide—
 With him, in life's eventful day,
 To tread your dark disheartening way—
 Till summoned to that shadowy hour,
 When flesh and heart shall yield their power.
 Christian with Faithful tried and true !
 On earth ye walked, with heaven in view :
 Thine eye beheld him, when by faith,
 He sealed his mission with his death—
 Thine eye beheld ;—the martyr's crown,
 The gates of pearl his soul hath won.

Pilgrim ! thy journey still we see,
 Marked out in life's reality ;
 Thy journey, strown with weeds and flowers,
 Chequered with sunshine and with showers ;
 Thy journey— o'er the mountain side,
 Or laid where silvery streamlets glide ;
 That self-same journey— pilgrim ! still
 Lies in our course to Zion's hill.
 Thy story gladdens youth and age
 With way-marks of thy pilgrimage ;
 Thy words of saintly import rest,
 Still, in the listener's faithful breast,
 Like golden apples, bright and fair,
 That shine in silvery pictures there.

'Twas thine to cheer, with gospel light,
 The way-worn wanderer of the night :
 The safety-lamp of truth was thine,
 Ordained in caverned mists to shine ;—
 And light like hers methinks, may well
 'Mid earth's destructive vapours dwell.

Warrior in arms ! the oppressor's rage
 Did oft thy stedfast mind engage :
 That royal conflict ! when with might,
 Apollyon grappled in the fight :
 That conflict, Christian ! laid thee low,
 Who then should strike the master blow ?
 Jesus, thy conquering Captain, see !
 He died—and vanquished all, for thee.

Thine eyes beheld Immanuel's land !
 On Jordan's bank 'twas thine to stand !
 But Jesus in death's chilling wave,
 Jesus Himself, was there to save.
 How goodly then, the fair array
 Of saints who soar in beams of day !
 How bright was then each polished gem,
 That graced the new Jerusalem !
 The airs of heaven were sweet to thee !
 And glad thy song of Jubilee !

We hail thee, in that spotless dress,
 Thy Saviour's finished righteousness !
 The strife is ended,—and thy rest
 For ever lies in His dear breast,—
 Whilst evermore, His love shall be
 Thy soul's o'ershadowing canopy !

“ For the law made nothing perfect, but the bringing in of a better hope
did ; by the which we draw nigh unto God.”—HEB. vii. 19.

LA BELLA-DONNA.

A LITTLE creature! full of sense,
Sparkling with bright intelligence,
A bel esprit!
Whilst fancy, taste, and genius shed
Their crowning honours on her head,
Most wittingly.

In kingly courts with grace, she trod,
Submissive to the princely nod
Of regal state;
She learned in silence, to obey
The mandates of imperial sway—
Well pleased to wait.

With manners polished and refined,
With memory and with powers of mind
In ample range;
She plunged in fashion's giddy stream,
Convulsed in that tumultuous dream
Of "chance and change."

She caught the passing hues of things,—
And in her gay imaginings,
With truth combined,
She penciled, with a limner's art,
That loftiest, most ethereal part,
The human mind.

Bishops, and books, and courtly news,
Soirées, and pageants, and reviews,
And princely men,
We picture, as in memory's eye,
We glance each bright reality
That filled her ken.

Doctors, and dons, and deacons, all,
 The concert and the modish ball,
 The gay parade ;
 The dinner visit,—and the park,
 The route en-carrosse, in the dark,
 The masquerade ;

The beau, the courtier, and the wit—
 The great philosopher, the cit,
 The pedant, grave ;
 Ambassadors from foreign climes,
 The orator who charmed his times,—
 Admission crave.

The soul of music gave a sound
 That echoed those bright halls around,
 And ravished there,
 With syren sounds of passing skill,
 The captives taken at her will,—
 The brave—the fair !

The theatre with brilliants gay,
 The mimic actors in the play,—
 Garrick and friends ;
 Whilst conversation, de bon goût
 Qui ne se comprend pas, de tout ;—
 The scene commends.

Helas ! je plains la gaieté
 That leads the dance with vanity,
 Nor finds repose ;
 We pity—and we pray the while,
 That God on senseless man will smile,
 And heal his woes.

A page of history like thine,
 May well in truth's perspective shine,
 And bring to view
 The glories of this world of ours,
 The majesty of human powers,
 The grand, the true.

A page of history like this,
 Should teach us that no worldling's bliss
 Can crown the soul
 With happiness supremely blest,
 When, in life's pilgrimage opprest,
 We seek our goal.

The transcript of thy passing day,
 The lights that glistened round thy way,
 The sweets of earth ;
 The fond caresses of thy youth,
 The whispering tones of love and truth,
 The glance of mirth ;

The smile of flattery and of fame,
 The honours that adorned thy name,
 A father's dower ;—
 The tributes to thy genius paid,
 The laurels in rich beauty spread,
 To grace the hour.

Who would not value such a " brain,
 " Like bird-lime," fitted to retain
 The prints of time ?
 Who would not prize the sands that pass
 Like blessings in that measured glass,—
 Our soul's best prime.

Then let the crown of all our days,
 Hallowed by sacrifice and praise,
 Each grace commend ;
 And, as a consecrated flame,
 Accepted in the Saviour's name,
 To heaven ascend !

“Surely men of low degree *are* vanity, *and* men of high degree *are* a lie :
 to be laid in the balance, they *are* altogether *lighter* than vanity.”—PSALM
 lxii. 9.

THE QUEEN'S HUMMING-BIRD.

I AM a tiny personage,
 A fairy thing am I ;
 And thus the favour I engage
 Of many a passer by.

I pray you ladies, look on me !
 My cheeks are round and fair ;
 I'm pretty as I well can be,
 With soft and silken hair.

I scatter kisses round and round,
 Like sugar-plums, in sport ;
 I bow my head with air profound,
 Like envoy hailed at court.

And small as grace like mine may be,
 I sport and dance and sing,
 Like butterfly, in insect glee,
 Or birdie on the wing.

I am a tiny gentleman
 In silver trappings dight ;
 But surely longer than a span,
 And larger than a mite.

The Queen herself has looked on me,—
I hear you say, “how kind!”
And gifts she gave me,—one, two, three,
Exactly to my mind.

I have a sofa, chair, and bed,
A uniform and all!
With books upon my table spread,
And treasures, large and small.

Where lustres glitter as the day,
Where festive circles meet,
I grace the scene—and there display
My dimpled virtues, sweet.

On many a princely form I look,
And knight of lady's bower;
The shepherd with his simple crook,
And beauty's favourite flower.

I know you love me, lady fair!
I see it in your eye;
You smile! and in this world of care,
I greet your sympathy.

The love of God is poured abroad,—
It fills my breast and yours;
It bathes with dew the turfy sod,
And evermore endures.

It fills the ocean, earth and sky,
It whispers in mine ear;
“Fear not, my child, thy God is nigh—
“Then trust, and never fear!”

A gentle, tiny thing am I,—
 And yet a soul I have :
 Thou God of this great mystery,
 Thy young immortal save !

Then shall my voice, like babes of yore,
 Thy name, Thy praises sing ;
 And whilst I worship and adore,
 Take Thou my offering !

“ And the Lord God formed man *of* the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life : and man became a living soul.”—GEN. ii. 7.



THE MODERN PLATO.

CALM as the summer air that wakes the trees
 To music low ;
 Patient in labour as the honied bees
 That journeying, go ;

Firm as the oak that crowns the smiling vale
 In leafy pride ;
 Gladsome as voices borne upon the gale
 At eventide,—

A pictured form salutes me, and behold !
 I welcome there,
 Inscribed on an entablature of gold,
 A record fair !

For what is fair as truth ? and what so bright
In human things,
As a soul walking in the cloudless light
That virtue brings ;

Virtue with faith combined ! that saving power
That flourished well,
When an apostle once, in holy hour,
Its worth could tell.

Thy bold careering spirit urged its way
Through paths untraced,
And theories came forth to meet the day,
On wisdom based.

Morals high-toned and pure, thy genius nursed
With pious care,
And many a blushing bud of promise burst
In that clear air.

Thine was a well-stocked garden, where thy hand
Might prune at will ;
Where suns might glow, and dews with influence bland,
Their sweets distil.

Thus many a goodly flower transplanted thence,
Was reared to bloom,
And scatter seeds of bright intelligence
Through error's gloom.

They braved the world's rude climate, and could bear,
Cherished by thee,
The blasts of life, its rude and chilling air,
More hardily.

Thus in thy fostering eye, beneath thy smile,
 Those virtues grew,
That with the cross the christian reconcile,
 And bring to view

The graces of his Lord, that living faith
 Which conquers sin ;
For Jesus breathes upon him with His breath,
 And makes him clean.

That pictured vision greets me—and it tells
 Of one whose name,
Cherished in many a faithful bosom dwells,
 Dearer than fame.

Sweet charity ! of heaven-descended form,
 And spotless face ;
He gave thee shelter from the beating storm,
 And praised thy grace.

And he was taught by wisdom,—earthly lore
 Engaged his mind ;
Whilst many a trophy thence, he gaily bore
 To charm mankind.

Yes ! from thy classic fountain, Castaly !
 He loved to draw,
In “ crystal buckets ; ” thought, sublime and free
 With nature’s law.

And thou, the loved Siloam ! it was thine
 From thy pure spring,
To sooth his spirit with thy draught benign—
 And softly fling

The airs of heaven around him, breathing there
Ethereal breath,
And waking up that soul to visions fair,
Unscathed by death.

Hail to thy ransomed spirit ! tutored well
In themes divine ;
Thy race on earth was done—and thou couldst tell
The worth of time.

Brother ! and friend ! and champion in the race
That leads on high !
Clothed in the christian's panoply of grace
For thee, the sky

Shone with a bright effulgence—whilst thy Lord
Was beaming there ;
And on thy head His radiant mercy poured,—
Given at thy prayer.

Yes ! earth for thee was vanquished,—and the hour
That bore thee hence
Was witness to the Saviour's conquering power ;—
For time and sense

Before His presence vanished,—and His voice
Of peace and love,
Called thee with Him for ever to rejoice,
In worlds above.

“ For to one is given by the Spirit the word of wisdom ; to another the word of knowledge by the same Spirit.”—1 COR. xii. 8.

THE FAIRY QUEEN.

BEDIGHT with many a glittering gem,
Crowned with a regal diadem,
Titania sate ;
The people's voices praised her name,
Poets and patriots spoke her fame,—
With pride elate.

The palm of beauty and renown,
Methinks that both alike might own
Her favouring smile :
But beauty's homage well might seem
Like fair enchantress in life's dream,
With winning wile.

Upon a dizzy height she stood—
The nations round her like a flood,
Their tribute gave ;
And earth poured out with liberal hand,
Her brightest boons to bless the land,
Like plenty's wave.

Behold that lofty vestal now !
The circlets that adorn her brow
Her state express ;
And power—the attribute of heaven,
Into that slender hand is given,
Mankind to bless.

Among the shades of night, that fling
O'er ignorance their vampire wing,
Her light went forth ;
For learning in that mind was seen ;
She sate, Britannia's classic queen,
And graced the earth.

Her empire swept from sea to sea ;
And where our country's ramparts be,
Her princely rule
Which brought her subjects to obey
And own their monarch's peaceful sway,
Bade factions cool.

Courtiers and statesmen bowed the head,
With suitors in soft fetters led,
Who kissed her hand ;—
Look on that galaxy from far !
Where mingling lights of every star,
Poured on the land.

I see her on the loftiest throne
That maiden e'er might look upon
With longing eye ;—
I see within that stricken breast,
That seat of anguish and unrest,
Her spirit die !

Alas ! alas ! for human things ;—
The vanities of earth take wings
And flee away :
Thrice happy he whose stedfast soul
Has run to win the christian's goal,
And met the day !

God's promised hour at length will come,
When truth shall speak the people's doom
 Alike to all :
When prince and peasant must resign
The glittering joys that round them shine,
 For death's dark pall.

Eternity, that solemn word !
Shall then by all alike, be heard
 With thrilling tone ;
Each vast reality shall then
Burst on the astonished gaze of men,
 In heaven's clear zone.

Children of royalty ! in dust,
How soon shall lie your sordid rust,
 Your gay parade ;
Then seek with all your hope, your love,
The glories of that world above,
 Which never fade !

Farewell to all the pomp of kings !
To vain ambition, and the things
 Of time and sense :
There is a realm of pure delight,
Beyond the senseless worldling's sight—
 Of strong defence.

And oh, to gain that sure abode !
Safe in the bosom of our God,
 Our Saviour true :—
To stand before Him in the dress,
Wrought by His finished righteousness,
 Complete and new !

Bright then the crowns of kings shall be
 And earth's most shining pageantry
 Be lost in love :—
 Nor may the pen of mortal paint
 The eternal glory of the saint,
 In heaven above !

“Be wise now therefore, O ye kings : be instructed, ye judges of the earth. Serve the Lord with fear, and rejoice with trembling. Blessed are they that put their trust in him.”—PSALM ii. 10-12.

THE SHEPHERD MINSTREL.

WHERE gentle airs play pastime on the lea,
 In summer hour ;
 Where the white flocks repose, from danger free,
 In sun and shower ;

Where the gay denizens of vale and grove
 Wander at will ;
 Where the mild turtle tells her tale of love,
 Untiring still ;

Where nature's wild flowers blossom and adorn
 Each deep recess ;
 Where the light ash out-tops the bushy thorn,
 In green-wood dress ;

Where the lone streamlet wanders—I behold
 A rustic form ;
 With fostering care he tends his fleecy fold
 Nor dreads the storm.

He roves the rocky mountain still and lone,
Desert and rude ;
And there he welcomes each accordant tone
Of solitude.

He hears the ocean murmur—and the roar
Of its wild rage ;
Where surfy billows dancing on the shore,
His soul engage.

He eyes the sea-bird on her heaven-ward way
Through fields of light ;
Emblem of faith and love ! she seeks the day,
And fades from sight.

He tracks the mountain eagle ! when on high
She spreads her wing,
And mounts and soars with regal majesty,
To day's great king.

And welcome to the poet's heart the glade,
The perfumed bower,
The nut-wood alley and the tranquil shade,
The modest flower.

In nature's coverts hid, his soul descries
With poet's ken,
Of thought sublime the unveiled mysteries,—
And far from men

The ideal world he visits—where the mind
Entranced at will,
Sees visions of delight—and unconfined,
Drinks joys high fill.

Pure are those regions where the unfettered sense
To fancy's eye,
Gives welcome to refined intelligence,
In yon clear sky.

Fair is that world of thought where poets dwell,
And sweet the chime
Of melodies that rise and softly swell
With airs sublime.

Bright is that world of thought,—but brighter far
A world I paint,
Illumined by the beams of Bethlehem's star—
Where dwells the saint.

Blest are those realms and goodly the array
Of seraphs bright,
Where basking in the flood of heaven's clear day,
The awakened sight

Rejoices in the vision to behold
In pastures fair,
Each sheep and lamb of the Redeemer's fold
In his good care.

Thrice happy then the minstrel who shall sing
With practised chord,
In concert joined, the praises of our King,
Redemption's Lord.

He is our soul's great Shepherd,—and his voice
Of tenderest love,
Calls us to make His fold of peace our choice,
In rest above.

“There shall be one fold and one Shepherd.”—JOHN x. 16.

THE YOUNG PHILOSOPHER.

IN Alma Mater nurst, where honours spread
 Their glittering sheen,
 'Twas thine to gather round thy youthful head,
 Those laurels green :

Wisdom and learning, truth and genius high,
 To thee were given ;—
 Thy glance surveyed this earth, and yon clear sky,
 The empyreal heaven :

And there at length, it rested ;—for the star
 Of Bethlehem
 Led thee like eastern sages, from afar
 To her pure gem.

Thy soul could then give worship—and bow down
 Before that Child
 Whose tempered glory on thy spirit shone,
 With influence mild.

He was thy crown, thy blessing, and the light
 That cheered thy way ;
 He on thy pathway poured a radiance bright,
 And gave the day !

“ Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea in the days of Herod the king, behold, there came wise men from the east to Jerusalem, saying, Where is he that is born King of the Jews ? for we have seen his star in the east, and are come to worship him.”—MATT. ii. 1, 2.

LA SPECTATRICE.

How shall my pencil picture forth
A lady of illustrious worth,—
 A lady fair?—
One whose superior mental power
Shines out with intellect's rich dower,
 Like jewels rare.

No child of vagrant thought was she,
No nonchalante, nor devotee
 Of fashion's train ;
She poured no tribute at her shrine,
Nor did she sweetest flowers entwine
 To deck her reign.

Like minstrel at the close of day
Her wing she folded from *Display*—
 For well she knew
The charms that flutter and beguile,
The voice of flattery and her smile
 Alike untrue.

A winning moralist was she,
Of wit and truth and repartee
 And lofty mould ;
And see ! where finished by her hand,
Her pictured tales engraven, stand
 In outline bold.

Her genius with excursive play,
 Composed for childhood's holiday
 Her *Nursery Rhymes* ;
 And listen ! many an infant tongue
 Delights those numbers to prolong,
 Like nature's chimes.

She looked on manners, with an eye
 Observant of the passer by,
 Along life's road :—
 And with a glance, that eye could see
 Each furbelow of vanity—
 Toute à la mode.

Detraction with its thousand ills,
 How many a page that lesson fills !
 As well may be :
 Then let us learn it once again,
 And sing thy praise with each new strain,
 Sweet charity !

She was a critic just and true,
 She kept reality in view
 For truth's defence ;
 The light that glistened in her page
 Might charm our fancy—and engage
 Our common sense.

This able archer strings her bow—
 Thence many a shaft her fingers throw
 Like glittering steel ;
 And from that furnished quiver fly
 Swift messengers, the heart to try,—
 The heart to heal.

A satirist *perchance*, her name—
 For with undeviating aim
 Her missile flies ;—
 And there, beneath that thrilling smart,
 See, with an arrow at her heart,
 How folly dies !

Forgive me ! since I would not spread
 One passing shadow on a head
 Endowed as thine ;
 For heaven had taught thee—and thy pen
 Was charged to speak with guilty men
 Of things divine !

Childhood and infancy and youth !
 Through thee the lambent light of truth
 Around them played :
 And seated in the muses' bower,
 'Twas thine to greet the passing hour,
 For wisdom made !

Peace to thy spirit ! now in rest,
 Where no rude billows chide thy breast,
 Or scathe thy brow ;
 Thrice welcome to that sure abode
 Where in the bosom of thy God,
 Thou dwellest now !

“The crown of the wise is their riches : *but* the foolishness of fools is folly.”—PROV. xiv. 24.

“Commit thy works unto the LORD, and thy thoughts shall be established.”
 —PROV. xvi. 3.

EVANGELIST.

WITH tones that might through life's dark chambers steal,
Champion of Christ! we hear thy loud appeal ;—
Thy voice that still with echoing murmur swells
Through crowded marts and nature's peaceful dells ;
Thy voice that waked the sleeper—and made plain
The wiles of Satan and his darkening reign ;
Thy voice of quickening impulse—sent to raise
The prisoned soul to heights of heavenly praise.

'Thine was an embassy of trust supreme !
The Saviour was thy glory and thy theme ;
He bade thee lead the captive from his cell
Where low he lay in sin's strong manacle ;
He bade thee clear that vision,—that his eye
The light of heaven's own lustre might descry ;
He bade thee train him for those worlds above,
Where seraph voices sing a Saviour's love.

Conversion was thy aim—whilst youth and age
Allured by thee, set forth on pilgrimage :
And followers still in Pilgrim's blessed track
Like him, they lost the burthen from their back
Then journeyed on rejoicing, for their view
Was cheered with Zion's towers of fadeless hue,
And Zion's wave of crystal—by whose flood
The tree of life with bloom immortal, stood.

Thy voice and pen spoke volumes—and thy mind
In learning's school had gained its lore refined ;
Yet in God's truth abounding, see the poor
Glean pearls of hallowed wisdom at thy door !

Thine was a sainted mission ! many a soul
 Impelled by thee, has won redemption's goal
 And blessed the hand of mercy—bending low
 Before that throne where hosts of angels bow.

Thy course was nobly run—whilst heavenly joy
 Was wont thy spirit's purpose to employ ;
 Moments by thee were measured, for the glass
 Whose monitors with noiseless current pass,
 Was ever in thy vision—whilst thine eye
 On golden sands like these kept scrutiny :
 Time's sands were all too precious, that thine heart
 Might see unmoved, that glittering tide depart.

At length thy days were numbered, and behold !
 Visions of glory to thy sight unfold :—
 Thine was the robe of white—the perfect dress,
 Wrought for thee by the Saviour's righteousness ;—
 The gates of pearl were opened—and the saint !
 What pencil may his ravished senses paint ?
 Earth melts beneath his footsteps—and his gaze
 Is lost in worlds of wonder, love and praise !

“ Jesus said unto him,—Go thou and preach the kingdom of God.”—
 LUKE ix. 60.

THE MINSTREL AND HIS LUTE.

SPARKLING, eccentric, wild and gay,
 A meteor form hath crossed my way ;
 No silken bands his tresses bind,
 He casts his mantle to the wind ;

And seated on a breezy hill,
He quaffs his soul's indulgent fill
Of thought and feeling, sense and taste,
And wit that crowns the mental feast.

Methinks I see him there no more !
His mind hath gleaned its liberal store ;
His sparkling wit hath lost its play,
His genius now keeps holiday ;—
His breast hath laid its burden down,—
Say !—hath he won the conqueror's crown ?
Peace to his ashes ! let us tread
In silence, o'er the tuneful dead !
That hand that touched the lyre so well,
Forgets on earthly themes to dwell ;
That hand which once in bygone time,
Tuned to its harp the muses' chime,
That spirit's might—that playful voice
Responds no more to human joys ;
And banquet halls of nightly sport,
Where learning held her high resort,
Are noiseless all,—the breath of fame
Alone is left to speak his name !

Peace to his ashes ! o'er the dead,
Oh let our steps in silence tread !
Forth from the grave a voice there comes,
It finds us in our spirit-homes ;
With warning tone that voice is heard,—
It is conviction's master-word !
With accents loud, and clear, and shrill,
It spake of yore—it speaketh still :
With trumpet-tone of certain sound,
It moves throughout the deep profound ;

Then listen ! from beneath the sod,
It cries—"Prepare to meet thy God !"

"Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them."—EccL. xii. 1.

"Prepare to meet thy God."—Amos iv. 12.



SCOTLAND'S WARBLER.

Who would not sing thy story ?
Thou bird of many a hue !
Thou bard consigned to glory !
Thou child to nature true !

Oh, who would choose but wander
Those banks and braes among,
Where once 'twas thine to ponder,
And pour the tide of song ?

The pulse of feeling moved thee,
The fire of passion warmed ;
The breast of woman loved thee—
Whilst thee her witchery charmed.

The lips of youth caressed thee,
And all fond things were thine ;
The hand of children pressed thee,
Thy heart was feeling's shrine.

That genius bright and glowing,
That music on the gale !
Those strains so gently flowing,
That softly melting tale !

Oh ! thou couldst well unravel
The spirit's pathless maze ;
For oft 'twas thine to travel
Its dark mysterious ways ;

And 'mid high ether soaring
On wings of light and love,
Full oft thy voice was pouring
Like sky-lark, from above.

The transports of thy being
To kindred minds are known ;
No earth-born ken is seeing
The track thy steps have gone.

Like thought on airy pinion,
Like sea-bird in its flight,
'Twas thine to seek dominion
Among the worlds of light.

But hark ! from heaven's high portal,
A voice salutes mine ear ;
It speaks that man is mortal,
And bids our spirits fear.

Salvation's lamp is burning—
Let genius mark its ray,
And there with transport turning,
Salute the orient day !

Let mind with each loved treasure,
 To Christ its powers resign ;
 Whilst grace that knows no measure,
 Does in His person shine !

“Thou *art* my lamp, O LORD : and the LORD will lighten my darkness.”
 —2 SAM. xxii. 29.



HONORIA.

I LOOK through life's long vista, where the sun
 With lambent ray,
 Who many a golden course of light has run,
 Foretels the day.

And there a chastened spirit I behold
 In pilgrim form ;—
 Those lips methinks, can many a tale unfold
 Of darkling storm,

When clouds have gathered round her—and her path
 Desert and lone,
 But ill has cheered the wanderer, since to death
 Her joys have flown.

She weeps her “buried loves ;” but from yon heaven
 A voice she hears :
 “Mourner let all thy plaints to me be given,
 “And dry thy tears !”

And now that soul takes courage—tutored now
In things divine,
She learns with all her earthly gifts, to bow
At heaven's pure shrine.

Time was when fashion's gay, tumultuous throng
That breast could fill,—
Genius could charm—and music's syren song
Sweet joys distil.

Then did she weave her story, and engage
The ear of sense ;
And dazzle youth, and gild the dreams of age
With gay pretence.

But now that soul learns wisdom—and her pen
Well used to paint
In glowing lineaments, the face of men ;—
Portrays the saint.

A light is round that head—that beaming eye
Speaks heavenly love—
And gazes up to immortality,
In worlds above.

Hope is her anchor, and from thralldom free
She serves her God ;—
Sustained by faith, she walks at liberty
Where those have trod,

The ransomed and redeemed—for her Lord
Has fill'd that heart ;
And much she loves His precepts—whilst His word
Doth peace impart.

She drinks of that pure fountain—and holds on
 Her pilgrim way ;—
 I looked where faith with rainbow lustre shone—
 Herald of day !

“ Now faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.”—HEB. xi. 1.

THE TEMPLE WORSHIPPER.

AT morning's dawn, at evening's close,
 To heaven thy hallowed offerings rose :
 Thy morning vows, thy evening prayer,
 Were heard in heaven—and answered there.
 Like freshening dews from earth that rise
 To rainbow lustre in the skies,
 And shine and glitter in the ray
 Poured from the golden fount of day,
 Then falling cheer this world of ours
 With floods of pure translucent showers—
 Whilst nature's heritage of green
 Smiles out in beauty's radiant mien ;
 Thus in our hearts the dew of grace
 Finds oft a spirit resting-place,
 Whilst showers like these prevail to bless
 The soul's uncultured wilderness.

Thus to the breast's mysterious home,
 Thought, hallowed thought prevails to come ;

And thought like thine may well prevail
 To bid the awakened spirit, hail !
 In high communings here, we raise
 New altars to the Saviour's praise,
 And mingling our petitions well,
 Beneath His shadowing wing we dwell :
 For Jesu's name is poured abroad,
 Like odour through the courts of God ;
 Whilst thy glad theme delighting still,
 Resounds the joys of Zion's hill,
 And sings with soft or loud acclaim,
 The triumphs of Immanuel's name.

" And Aaron shall burn thereon sweet incense every morning : when he dresseth the lamps, he shall burn incense upon it. And when Aaron lighteth the lamps at even, he shall burn incense upon it, a perpetual incense before the Lord throughout your generations."— EXODUS xxx. 7, 8.

THE ANNALIST OF THE POOR.

SPIRIT of tenderness and truth !
 Thou mentor of the minds of youth !
 Thou kind preceptor, pastor, guide,—
 To each endearing name allied !
 Thy friendly crook, thy shepherd care
 Allured their steps to pastures fair ;
 Thy words of unction and of power
 Bore witness to redemption's hour ;
 Thy lips were hallowed to proclaim
 The virtue of Messiah's name,

And babes in Jesus learned to bless
The Lord, their strength and righteousness.
From sin's dark bonds enfranchised now,
The seal of witness on their brow,
Their ransomed spirits raised on high,
Unite in heaven's blest harmony :
'Twas thine to aid their upward flight
To worlds of wonder and delight,
To quicken and to point their view
To scenes sublime, and strange, and new—
Where saints and angels still prolong
The glories of redemption's song.

Large love of souls to thee was given,
A rich immunity of heaven ;
Each vain desire to thee was loss —
The gold of earth but tarnished dross ;
Thy gifted mind, thy hallowed taste
Preferred salvation's high repast,
And thou couldst yield each glittering pride,
To look on Jesus crucified.
For Turkey's children bathed in sleep,
Whose eyes no wakeful vigils keep ;
For Judah's outcast sons who lie
In Egypt's seven-fold slavery—
Thy spirit taught their woes to share,
Ascended on the wings of prayer.

Where ocean lifts her crested head,
Or slumbering waves around are spread ;
Where fertile glades and copses green
Through towering ramparts intervene ;
Where scenes of beauty pictured lie,
To cheer the breast and charm the eye,

'Twas there that steps like thine were bent,
On mercy's fostering errand sent :
Thy looks of love, thy gladdening smile
Could many a tear-worn heart beguile,
And *Daughters* blessed thee whilst on them
Sat wisdom's crowning diadem :
They heard thee, and they blest the hand
That brought thee to their father-land ;
The name of Jesus from thy tongue,
To harps like theirs with praise was strung,
And airs of heaven that breathed around,
Made earth to them like Eden's ground.

Bright records of thy walk below,
From many a heart reflected, glow ;
And truth her tales of love can tell,
That deep in memory's chambers dwell ;
Whilst seals of God's own hand there be,
That own thy work and ministry.

“ And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament ;
and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever.”—
DANIEL xii. 3.

“ Then they that feared the LORD spake often one to another : and the
LORD hearkened, and heard *it*, and a book of remembrance was written
before him for them that feared the LORD, and that thought upon his name.”
—MAL. iii. 16.

THE CHILD OF PROVIDENCE.

OH ! who may tell what beams of light divine
Shall on his future path with radiance shine ?
Oh ! who may tell what benisons shall rest
Around his tent, and make his portion blest ?
Or what bright boons of earth and dews of heaven
Shall to his treasured cup of joy be given ?
Traveller 'twas thine as step by step, thy way
Led thee to loftier heights and fairer day,
With full confiding faith 'twas thine to tread
That upward road where Jesus' footsteps led ;—
He bore thee on thy journey, when afar,
Thine eye beheld in heaven a glorious star ;
And thou couldst hail the fount whose orient beam
Illumined all thy breast with quickening gleam,
As earth, and air, and wood, and sea, and sky
Glowed in the hues of living harmony.

Nature's own birthright crowned thee ! for thy hand
Was skilled to pour her bounties on thy land ;
How many a sightless eye-ball touched by thee,
Has opened to the light of liberty !
How many a lip has blessed thee ! whilst the tide
Of tearful love those tributes best supplied :
And well might grateful thanks like these, ascend
To Him who sent thee—suffering's unbought friend !
Like rays of morning sunshine that disclose
In shadowy dawn, the dew-drop and the rose,—
Then burst in full effulgence ;—thus thy soul
With still increasing light drew near its goal ;

Till on thy life's last evening, mercy shone,
 And made the gospel promises thine own :
 Then on the couch of sickness, grace and peace
 Smiled on thee—and pronounced thy free release :
 Then Jesus gently called thee—and His love
 Portioned thy better home in glorious worlds above.

“ To another faith by the same Spirit ; to another gifts of healing by the same Spirit.”—1 Cor. xii. 9.

THE VILLAGE QUEEN.

I DRAW a bright intelligence,
 Endued with elevated sense,
 And graced the while
 With kindlings of that fancy rare,
 That sheds upon life's pathways fair,
 Her sunny smile.

This bright, imaginative creature
 With touch could paint the face of nature,
 In living light ;
 The vaulted dome of summer skies,
 Their changing hues, their gorgeous dies,
 To charm our sight.

The verdant carpet of the earth,
 The tissue that her loom sends forth,
 Her alley's green ;
 Her hedgerow drapery of flowers,
 The blossoms of her chosen bowers,
 Dark shades between.

The treasures of each loved recess,
The deep and tangled wilderness,
 The upland way ;
The furze-clad mountain, and the hill
Where votaries of joy may fill
 Their chalice gay.

The sheltered homestead, whose repose
Might seem to promise to our woes
 A healing balm ;
Where boughs of generous culture spread
Their canopy to guard our head,
 And breathe a calm.

She pictured with her glowing pen,
The every-day pursuits of men,
 The rural game ;
The mirthful children of the soil,
The sons of durance and of toil,
 And youth's proud aim.

The sports, the pastimes wild and free
Of childhood in its frolic glee,
 Its spring-tide morn ;
The bounding steps that lightly pass
Where level lawns of new-mown grass
 The vale adorn.

The nutting—and the maying too,
The sportsman with his loud halloo,
 The peasant's cot ;
Domestic bliss—whose seat is found
By no restrictive empire bound,
 In each dear spot.

And she could picture, she could dress
The halls of state and courtliness,
The ladies fair ;
The bachelors—but not of arts—
Who bore in scenes like these, their parts—
Exotics rare !

With such a florist amateur
Each cherished blossom might secure
A favouring vote ;
The cultured garden in her pale,
And blooms that scent the wild-wood gale,
In scenes remote.

She loved the homes of English ground,
Where flowers the fairest may be found,
Of varying dye ;
Snowdrops, and larkspurs, and jonquilles,
Daisies, and pinks, and daffodils,
And rosemary.

And much she joyed her charge to tend,
She deemed herself their guardian friend
In sultry hour,
When cooling dew-drops of the sky
Locked up in nature's treasury,
Refused their dower.

She loved in woodland guise, to roam
Far from the mansion and the dome,
Those fields among,
Where nature's denizens agree
To pour in fullest harmony,
Their tides of song.

And there with chapeau sur le bras,
She wandered with a loitering pas,
 Through each lone dell
Where streamlets from their caverns rude,
Echo the name of solitude
 With gurgling swell.

The cowslip and the primrose pale
Breathe their soft perfume in her tale,
 With fragrant breath—
The breath of spring, the breath of joy,
Unsullied by the dark alloy
 Of coming death.

Sweet "May-flower!" favourite of her hand!
And subject of her mild command!
 Thy bounding tread,
Thy frolic—and thy looks of love
A gentle mistress well could move
 To stroke thy head,

And bid thee in her graces still,
To roam with her and roam at will—
 Companion dear;
With hearts in closest bonds allied,
That fondly journeyed at her side
 When home was near.

She pictured and she prized the while,
Each winning art, each gladdening smile—
 Affection's boon;
The fond, the tender and the true—
The charms that brighten in our view,
 Nor vanish soon.

She sketched—but how shall I convey
Each penciled scene in fair array,
 Each rural grace ?
Each charm of country and of town,
Each fair attraction that we own,
 In its due place.

She loved the solaces and charms
That circle us with willing arms,
 Along life's road ;—
But might her moral have exprest
What enemies disturb our rest
 And lead from God,

Depicting to the mental eye,
The hidden depths of vanity,
 The heart's deep ill ;
The follies of this world of ours,
The fallacy of human powers,
 Our stubborn will ;

The curse that rests upon our sin,
The ambushade of death within,
 The treacherous mind ;—
Well might her genius then engage
The favour of a golden age,
 By truth refined.

Thanks for thy tapestry of thought !
For sights and sounds to memory brought
 By themes like thine ;
Where pictured visions that supply
The charms of ideality,
 Reflected, shine.

Each kindling of superior sense,
 Each spark of high intelligence
 From heaven comes down ;—
 Then may the wisdom of the wise,
 The grace and glory of the skies,
 Thy portion crown !

“Thou crownest the year with thy goodness : and thy paths drop fatness. They drop *upon* the pastures of the wilderness ; and the little hills rejoice on every side. The pastures are clothed with flocks : the valleys also are covered over with corn ; they shout for joy, they also sing.”—PSALM lxxv. 11-13.

“Let the heavens rejoice, and let the earth be glad ; let the sea roar, and the fulness thereof. Let the field be joyful, and all that is therein : then shall all the trees of the wood rejoice before the LORD.”—PSALM xcvi. 11-13.

THE “PRISONER OF PROVIDENCE,” AND THE
 “PRISONER OF HOPE.”

FULL many a year did Satan bind
 In bonds of death, that deathless mind ;
 That prison-house—that house of clay
 Retained a guest well plumed for day.

Those bounding pulses thrilled with pain,
 And fever touched that throbbing brain,
 And earth with conflict wild and high,
 Held back its votary from the sky.

But see a flame of living fire !
That soul is warmed with high desire ;
That spirit thirsts for Zion's hill,—
When Jesus speaks—and all is still.

He speaks—and lo ! the troubled breast
Like ocean billows, sinks to rest ;
He speaks—and calmed those passions lie,
As babe with softest lullaby.

See now what glorious visions shine !
For light illumines that world of thine,
And raptures glow,—and praise and prayer
Awake angelic anthems there.

Like Jacob who at close of day,
In hushed, adoring slumber lay ;
And there beheld a pathway rise
From earth's dark confines to the skies ;

Like Jacob who with raptured gaze,
Saw angels walk those heavenly ways ;
And marked the road by seraphs trod,
Conducting to the courts of God ;

Like him methinks, to thee 'twas given
To view the golden gates of heaven ;
To catch the notes of angel choirs,
And tune thy voice to seraph lyres.

Thy soul could triumph, dipt in blood—
Baptized in Jordan's swelling flood ;—
The furnace flame, the fiery glow
No longer singe thy vestments now.

Like music with its thousand strings,
That full, harmonious concert brings ;
Like gushing waters, soft and free—
Thy voice poured out its melody.

They listened ! wisdom's children heard
From lips of love, each treasured word ;
And taste and genius captive led,
Drank nectar from that fountain-head.

Those lips were hallowed, for a coal
From heaven's high altar touched thy soul ;
And words of unction and of love
Spoke of those goodlier worlds above.

The element of heaven around
Breathed in thy breast, with notes profound ;
Wisdom was thine, and on thy head
Her hand its liberal bounty shed.

Thy voice of triumph and of praise
Shall still resound through endless days ;
And full redemption's song shall be
Thy soul's extatic jubilee.

Long may it bathe these hearts of ours—
And shed its fertilizing showers !
And ever may our spirits bless
The Lord our strength and righteousness.

" For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time *are* not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us."—Rom. viii. 18.

" And not only *they*, but ourselves also, which have the first fruits of the Spirit, even we ourselves groan within ourselves, waiting for the adoption, to *wit*, the redemption of our body."—Rom. viii. 23.

" For we are saved by hope."—Rom. viii. 24.

THE BELIEVER.

HIGH and holy was thy theme,
Well thy spirit learned its lore ;
Brighter than the poet's dream,
Goodlier far than golden ore.

Broader than the rich Peru,
Loftier than the Andes' height,
All beyond the heaven's deep blue,
All surpassing things of sight :

Lovelier than the clouds of morn
Bathed in heaven's resplendent hues,
Fairer far than Cynthia's horn,
Fresher than the evening dews.

Yes ! for heavenly lore was thine,
Fields of light thy spirit trod ;
Love immortal and divine
Taught thy soul the truth of God.

How the church of Christ contains
In her breast, each mystery ;
How the word of wisdom reigns
In the portals of the sky :

How the Holy Ghost descends
With the gifts of heavenly grace ;
Whilst to every saint he lends
Oil that brightens all his face :

How in large communion blest,
 Saints on earth and saints above
 In the full fruition rest,
 Purchased by redeeming love :

How the Son of God came down
 Mantled in our flesh to be ;
 How He wears Salvation's crown
 In His own high majesty.

Christians all, believers stand
 In the truth to sinners given—
 Christians journeying hand in hand,
 To the golden gates of heaven.

And the creed that binds in one
 Hearts that own the Saviour's love,
 Brings them to his mercy throne—
 Fits them for his home above.

Saints and angels shall adore
 As they bend the votive knee,
 Him who here our trespass bore,
 Him who reigns eternally.

Hallelujahs to the Lamb !
 Praise to God's beloved Son !
 Christ to save his people came,
 Praise the Godhead, Three in One !

“ And without controversy, great is the mystery of godliness : God was manifest in the flesh, justified in the Spirit, seen of angels, preached unto the Gentiles, believed on in the world, received up into glory.”—1 TIM. iii. 16.

A DISCIPLE.

LIKE pure aroma that exhales
From garden groves on eastern gales ;
Like sweets of Araby the blest,
With suns in golden glory drest,
Like rich perfume from India's bower,
We view the church, arrayed in power !

We greet her, though no Indian grove
Breathe in that fragrant breath of love,
Although no suns of earthly ray
Have lent their light to give the day ;
Nor sweets of Araby the blest,
Within her golden borders rest.

And spirits in the church there be
That breathe around her fragrancy ;—
For Jesus there his unction lends—
There his disciples are his friends ;
And in the garden of his grace
The footsteps of his love they trace.

Thy pencil once with outline true,
Brought gospel history to our view ;
And traced in lines of beaming light,
The Saviour pictured to our sight,
On mercy's errand, as he trod
This shadowy vale—the present God !

His voice of quickening love and power,
Spoke to the soul in sorrow's hour,
When from those filaments of clay
The darkened eye-balls hailed the day—
And rising from the bands of death,
His captive breathed a living breath.

A mother's heart, a mother's eye
Gazed on that vast reality ;
Then could that chastened spirit learn
Her Lord's perfections to discern,
Then could that widowed spirit bless
The Lord, her strength and righteousness.

And thou canst tell us of the love
That guides to Canaan's shores above ;
Of that good shepherd—gentle, kind,
Who leaves no fainting lamb behind ;
That Shepherd who with lenient sway,
Leads on his flock to endless day.

Yes, thou canst whisper—thou canst tell
How saints shall in his presence dwell ;
That house not made with hands, the home
Where all his ransomed ones shall come,
Who in that house for evermore,
Shall praise and worship and adore.

Thy thoughts would picture to our view,
Joys ever bright and fair and new ;
Thou fain wouldst paint Immanuel's land,
Where saints in shining vestments stand—
And body forth those glorious plains
Where one eternal sunshine reigns.

Spirit of faith and hope and love,
Who gildst the glorious courts above !
Spirit of wisdom and of power !
Thou shadowing Dove, in sorrow's hour !
Breathe on Thy servants—and supply
Gifts from thy sacred treasury !

Breathe on Thy servants breath divine,
 And bid us in Thine image shine !
 Breathe on us, Holy Spirit ! breathe
 That quickening life that conquers death !
 Till Christ shall bid his people rise
 And gain the realms of Paradise.

“ A garden enclosed *is* my sister, *my* spouse. Thy plants *are* an orchard of pomegranates, with pleasant fruits ; camphire, with spikenard. Spikenard and saffron ; calamus and cinnamon, with all trees of frankincense ; myrrh and aloes, with all the chief spices. Awake, O north wind, and come, thou south ; blow upon my garden, *that* the spices thereof may flow out.”—CANT. iv. 12, 13, 14, 16.



THE CHRISTIAN MINOS.

How may we raise a monument, to speak
 Thy lofty mind !
 Thy noble genius and thy spirit meek,
 With strength combined.

Thou wast of goodly lineage, yet thy heart
 Preferred the cross : ~~•~~
 Like Mary thou didst choose the better part,
 And count gain loss.

Thy course was up towards Zion, yet the while
 Thine eye could see
 Where learning hung her lamp, when reason's smile
 Beamed full on thee.

Thine was a wealthy royalty, the trust
That true hearts gave ;
No heaps of shining gold nor sordid rust
Thy soul might crave.

In yon far distant hemisphere thy face
Shed blessings round ;
And in thy steps the flowers of truth and grace
And peace were found.

Beneath those shadowing branches, where the sun
Gilds cloudless skies,
We see thee with thy graceful mantle on,
Gladdening fond eyes.

Parent and helpless child and woman's fears
Could trust thy love ;
Thou didst commend their weal with pitying tears,
To God above.

Peace waved upon thy banner, peace on earth—
Good will to man :
The gospel—with its promises of worth
Filled up its span.

Thou didst console the nations who since then
Have learned to bow,—
To drink the cup of bitterness ————
Where are they now ?

We bless thy spirit's ministry, the light
Of by-gone days ;—
Thy thoughts illumine yet the clouded sight
With cheering rays.

With virtue, honour, truth, a holy band,
 How thou wast blest !
 And now with children of the western land,
 Thy soul finds rest,

Where never more this sun with scorching ray,
 Shall chafe thy brow ;
 But in the beams of heaven's meridian day
 Thou dwellest now.

“ Lie not one to another, seeing that ye have put off the old man with his deeds ; and have put on the new *man*, which is renewed in knowledge, after the image of him that created him : where there is neither Greek nor Jew, circumcision nor uncircumcision, Barbarian, Scythian, bond *nor* free : but Christ is all, and in all.”—COL. iii. 9-11.

THE MISSIONARY.

“ WISE as the serpent—harmless as the dove”—
 May well express
 The motto given by a Saviour's love,
 Thy soul to bless !

Amid the busy walks of human things
 Thy steps were bent,
 Softly methinks, as if an angel's wings
 Their aid had lent.

Where the dark prison frowns we see thee smile,
 And meekly there
 We hear thy voice the way-worn heart beguile,
 Or rise in prayer

For full redemption's power that heart to cheer,
From heaven above ;
That Jesus in his presence might be near,
And whisper love.

Thy charity received with large embrace,
Thy fellow-man ;
And through the paths of wisdom and of grace
Thy projects ran.

The helpless orphan on life's dreary waste,
Engaged thy care ;
And thou couldst furnish forth a rich repast
For sorrow's heir.

The light of science and the light of truth
Around thee shone,—
And thou didst gird the feebleness of youth
With their bright zone.

Each kindred bond within thy faithful breast,
Had found a shrine ;
And there a mother's love could fondly rest,
Possessing thine.

Commissioned with a chalice was thy hand,—
'Twas mercy's boon ;
And thou didst traverse many a distant land,
In fervid noon—

And in the winter's cold, mid deserts hoar,
That cup to fill ;
To scatter crumbs of blessing at his door
Who hungered still.

And thou couldst greet the Potentate whose head
 Sustained a crown—
 Thou couldst rejoice when peace with pinions spread,
 Came softly down

And canopied his dwelling, breathing forth
 Her message true,—
 Thou couldst rejoice when great ones of this earth
 Held heaven in view.

'Twas thine to publish to the weary soul,
 Thy risen Lord :
 Now thou hast run thy race and won thy goal,
 Thy lines afford

A lesson of high import, and 'twere well
 That light to see,
 Which as the christian's watch-fire, lives to tell
 Where quicksands be.

How beauteous on the mountains were thy feet,
 Herald of joy !
 For thou didst bring glad tidings, as 'twere meet—
 Thy blest employ.

Farewell ! with spirits of the wise and good—
 With Christ to dwell ;—
 Passed from the bounds of earth and Jordan's flood,
 Now all is well !

"I thank my God.—Hearing of thy love and faith, which thou hast toward the Lord Jesus, and toward all saints that the communication of thy faith may become effectual by the acknowledging of every good thing which is in you in Christ Jesus. For we have great joy and consolation in thy love, because the bowels of the saints are refreshed by thee, brother."—PHILEMON 4-7.

THE MOUNTAIN EAGLE.

GENIUS of Liberty ! thy form I see
 In western worlds afar ; o'er mortal strife
 Thy lofty pinion soared—thy piercing eye
 Could penetrate the gloom that boding frowned,
 On man's best bliss, and wake his hopes to joy.

Genius of Liberty, o'er mortal strife
 Thy high-born counsels reigned and cheered the gloom ;
 A blessing on the patriot's honored head !
 Thy mild decrees shone in thy country's fanes,
 And breathed thy name where feeling's records dwell.

But see thy blade unsheathed ! thy potent arm
 Hurls deluge on the foe, and seals his doom.
 Yes, thou didst thirst for freedom, but the while,
 Methinks the olive-leaf had graced thy brow,
 Better than laurels from the conflict won.

“ Except the LORD build the house, they labour in vain that build it :
 except the LORD keep the city, the watchman waketh *but* in vain.”—
 PSALM cxxvii. 1.

“ And he shall judge among the nations, and shall rebuke many people ; and
 they shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning-
 hooks : nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they
 learn war any more.”—ISAIAH ii. 4.

THE LISTENER.

A LISTENER ! did I hear you say ?
Then chase the odious sprite away !
A listener ! in how mean a guise
He steals the counsels of the wise :
A listener ! banish from our sight
That phantom form, to shades of night !

But no, a lady fair, I see,—
Veiled in a robe of truth is she ;
A lady who can listen well
And many a tale unbidden tell :
She lends her ear—and discord's note
Seems on the ambient air to float ;
She with her quick observant eye
Can folly's wildering maze descry ;
She feels the pulse of human kind,
And offers medicines for the mind.
She tells us how on wings of air,
Like meteors bright and soft and fair,
Our golden moments flutter by,
To worlds of immortality.
She bids the thoughtless and the gay,
The young who tread each flowery way,
She bids them pause—and in her hand
She holds a glass of shining sand—
'Tis life's chronometer ! the while
Her lips instruct them with a smile.—
“ Be wise to-day ! to-morrow's sun
For you no more its course may run—
To-morrow's fluttering hopes and fears,
The future and its promised years,

No more may shine with radiant glow,
On path like yours its light to throw :
Be wise to-day ! an eye above
Looks on you—and with thoughts of love,—
With thoughts of tenderness and truth,
The Saviour's soul regards your youth.
His love can quicken, raise and bless
His flock in earth's dark wilderness ;
And every lamb that's folded there,
He fosters with a Shepherd's care ;—
Oh then, to Him with full desire,
Let youth on wings of love, aspire ;
To Him surrender, not in part,
That single boon He asks—your heart !
He asks your heart, but love like His
Gives in return an answering bliss,—
A benefice of high degree
Is heaven—for weak mortality.

Look up ! enthroned in yonder sky,
He bids you to His bosom fly ;—
When in this vale of tears your feet
Have loved a track like His to greet ;
And when with Pilgrim's sainted band,
Ye seek the shores of Canaan's land,
Then shall His voice of love and power,
Exalt you in redemption's hour,
For evermore to dwell with Him,
Amid the shining seraphim."

" A bird of the air shall carry the voice, and that which hath wings shall tell the matter."—ECCLES. x. 20.

"THE CHRISTIAN POET."

POET ! in the deep recesses
Where thy spirit finds its home,
Sheltered from the world's distresses
Which on shadowy pinions roam ;
Let the muse with fair caresses,
To that safe pavilion come.

Mind with thee, was born to travel
Thought's sublimer fields among ;—
What though humbler souls may cavil
Whilst the poet pours his song—
Who can all the depths unravel
Which to themes like these belong !

Musing on thy high vocation,
Oft thy spirit winged its way—
And amid the mind's creation,
High it soared to realms of day ;
Then its earthly habitation
Bade that fluttering pinion stay.

Poesy has power to charm thee,
With her visions bright and new ;
Kindred joys of earth can warm thee,
Earth-born blessings greet thy view ;
How may then her follies harm thee ?—
Heaven with all its hopes is true.

Sympathy with taste is blending,
Truth her tales of love can tell ;
Whilst devotion's flame ascending,
Lights with joy the hermit's cell ;—
There in adoration bending,
See *The Christian Poet* dwell !

Poet ! in the deep recesses
Where thy spirit finds its home,
Sheltered from the world's distresses,
Which on shadowy pinions roam ;
Let the muse with fair caresses,
To that safe pavilion come.

Thou hast bade the immortal spirit
Plume for heavenly worlds its wing ;
Worlds where saints their bliss inherit,
Worlds where saints hosannahs sing ;
Whilst to the Redeemer's merit,
Palms of endless praise they bring.

Welcome to our common being,
Intellect's unfailing flood ;
Up to scenes of rapture fleeing,
Spirits seek immortal good :—
Glory then their eyes are seeing
In the Paradise of God !

CLIO.

FAIR chronicler of dames as fair !
Breathing in courts the perfumed air
 That wafts around ;
Communing with the storied dead,
Who one by one have bowed the head
 Low in the ground.

And heads like these have worn a crown,—
The wreath of honor and renown
 Their brow has prest ;
The sceptre glistening in its pride
Has told their names with power allied,
 By Heaven's behest.

The sun that walks his glorious way,
Hath poured upon their little day,
 With noon-tide beam ;
And fortune's bright and glittering star
Has shone with lustre from afar,
 To gild life's stream.

Where is the pride of greatness now ?
The pageant—and the regal show—
 The pomp of kings ?
That shining royalty hath flown—
The banner and the shield are gone
 On time's dark wings.

And thou hast learned to ponder well,
 Of history, the deeds that swell
 Her ample page ;
 Whilst records of the young, the fair,
 By memory's pencil graven there,
 Our thoughts engage.

A Queen, the minister of heaven !
 A blessing to her people given,—
 We greet her name :
 A Queen, the minister of fate !
 A being fallen and reprobate,—
 Is lost to fame.

God by an infinite decree,
 Appoints His people's destiny ;
 Whether the throne
 Circled with brilliants, and with beams
 That realize our waking dreams,
 He make our own ;

Or whether in the rustic shade,
 His hand our home of rest hath made,—
 His sovereign power
 Can sanctify and bless our lot,
 In regal dome or peasant's cot—
 Through life's long hour.

“ By me kings reign, and princes decree justice.”—Prov. viii. 15.

THE WATCHMAN.

STILL is the midnight hour—and deep and lone
Resound the notes of Time's sepulchral moan ;
I see his lustre fade—his eye grow dim,
And sorrowing nature sings his requiem ;
I hear the curfew toll his parting day,
His final exit—from earth's dreams away !
Thus have I watched, when life's transpiring breath
Has quivered in the agony of death :
Woe for the hours mispent—the broken law,
The birthright boon that once the patriarch saw ;
Time, death, eternity,—their solemn view
Bids thoughtless sinners own that God is true,
It bids them from the sleep of nature rise,
And burst their bonds and mount into the skies.
Silence and darkness, shadowing sisters ! stand,
And close the gates of day on either hand :
Thou loved Narcissa ! o'er thy youthful brow
What early shadows did life's sunset throw,
Withering the blooms of time—those blossoms fair
That breathe their sweets in earth's infected air ;
Like the pale lilies, emblems of decay,
That flourish, fade—and pass from earth away.
Death, the insatiate archer, strings his bow,
And venomed darts to those warm pulses go ;
Death the insatiate archer ! yet the while,
The christian meets the invader with a smile ;—
Calm is his setting sun, and clear the ray
That opens to his view the realms of day ;
Bright are his hopes for heaven, serenely bright
Is Canaan, bursting on the enfranchised sight ;
Pleasant the gales of Eden—bowers of bloom
Fairer than Eden's, wave beyond the tomb.

Hail to the mind's instructor, tutor, sage !
 He well has learned the unwary to engage—
 To fathom with his plummet, depths that lie
 Unmeasured by each vulgar scrutiny ;
 Hail to the christian moralist !—the pen
 That circles round the royalty of men ;
 The warden on the watch-tower—Hark ! he cries,
 " The hour is midnight ! oh ye fools, be wise !"
 We own thy spirit's purpose—'tis a word
 Of high commission, spoken by thy Lord :
 And let us hear *His* whisper—for again
 With soft appeal, He speaks His truth to men ;—
 Thus life and death—and time and sense shall be
 The portals of a blest eternity !

" Watchman, what of the night ? watchman, what of the night ? The watchman said, The morning cometh, and also the night : if ye will enquire, enquire ye : return, come."—ISAIAH xxi. 11, 12.



THE STAR OF THOUGHT.

HIGH in genius, bright in thought,
 Rich in mental treasure :
 Thus her tissued web she wrought—
 Hers was golden leisure.

Plumes from fancy's airy wing,
 Gems from that pure river
 Which uprises from a spring,
 Foul or failing, never.

Colours of celestial hue,
All of Iris' blending,
Ever fresh and ever new,
Tints from heaven descending

Flowers of intellect and taste,
Each in fitting season ;
Banquet of a high repast,
Garnished out with reason.

Such methinks, a spirit seems—
Whilst at pleasure ranging,
I behold in airy dreams,
Ever new and changing ;

Beings who our system grace
With the mind's illuming ;
Whilst their radiant course we trace,
In their orbits coming.

Cultured was that spirit's home,
Sweetest perfume shedding ;
There might sister spirits roam,
Through her parterres threading.

Music o'er that lofty soul,
Held her high dominion ;
Poesy with soft control,
Waved her downy pinion .

Visions from the realms of light,
Filled her world ideal ;
Truth descending to her sight,
Bodied forth the real.

Minds of high and ample range,
 Minds to heaven ascending,
 Triumph in the grand exchange—
 With immortals blending.

Spirits of the wise and good,
 Wisdom's temple seeking ;
 Welcome knowledge like a flood,
 On their vision breaking.

Wisdom's seven-fold pillars shine
 In their proper splendour ;
 'Tis a structure all divine—
 Praise let mortals render ?

“ Wisdom hath builded her house, she hath hewn out her seven pillars.”—
 Prov. ix. 1.

ZION'S CHRONICLER.

THOU pilgrim of a southern land !
 Thou traveller on time's broad strand !
 Thy chronicles of themes divine
 Shall long on memory's tablet shine,
 And words like thine shall live to bless
 The wanderer in life's wilderness.
 'Twas thine with transcript fair to show
 God's dealings with His church below ;
 His church and people, safely led
 To Him their great and glorious Head :
 What though the surge with billowy roar,
 His hallowed ark too rudely bore,
 Where winds and waves with sportive play,
 Their music sang through nature's day ;

What though in shadowing clouds, the sun
His race with tempered beams had run ;
What though for many a night, the moon
Deigned not to grant her silvery boon ;
Yet faith with vision fixed on high,
Saw rainbow lustres in the sky ;
She looked—her glance beheld from far,
In heaven's own radiance, Bethlehem's star !
The faithful followers in that bark
Were safely moored—'twas Mercy's ark :
Their spirits gladdening in that hour,
Marked where the storm resigned its power ;
The mantling veil of earth had fled,
With gorgeous hues the heavens were spread,—
And each disciple loved and true,
Rejoiced with Canaan's shores in view.

Thou pilgrim of a southern land !
Thou traveller on time's broad strand !
Thou chronicler of themes divine,
Who long in memory's glass wilt shine ;
With garnished words that live to bless
The wanderer in life's wilderness ;—
The pen has traced, thine eye has seen
Where dark, infernal hosts have been ;
Where murderous rage and scorn and hate
By turns usurped imperial state,
And sealed with death the awful scroll,
And proffered treachery's poisoned bowl,
And clenched with sinewy hand, the chain—
Emblem of horror's brooding reign.

See now Redemption's glorious star !
Faith eyed its splendours from afar ;

Her sainted band approved of heaven !
 To them hath quickening might been given ;
 And Satan vanquished, droops and dies
 Before the atoning sacrifice.

Then powers of earth and powers above
 Shall own the conquering work of love ;
 The kingdoms of this world shall then
 Resound salvation's full Amen ;
 And grace, converting grace shall be
 The christian's sacred panoply.

"Thou hast made the earth to tremble ; thou hast broken it : heal the breaches thereof ; for it shaketh. Thou hast shewed thy people hard things : thou hast made us to drink the wine of astonishment. Thou hast given a banner to them that fear thee, that it may be displayed because of the truth. That thy beloved may be delivered."—PSALM lx. 2-5.

DEBORAH.

A LADY in a prelate's chair !
 A sight so new, a sight so rare
 Methinks I see ;
 Dispensing with a liberal hand,
 The dignity of gown and band—
 This may not be !

With wisdom she is well endowed,—
 Beyond the gay and thoughtless crowd
 That pass us by ;
 And worldly wealth—a liberal store,
 Those glittering grains of golden ore
 Her chests supply.

But wealth like hers is well bestowed—
She loves the heritage of God,
 With purposed mind ;
The gospel and the Saviour's name
Are dearer to her heart than fame—
 Or sense refined.

This lady comes of good degree—
Yet who would trace her pedigree
 Of earthly mould :
The gems that glitter in her crown
Are brighter than the world's renown,
 Or Ophir's gold.

Around her in a phalanx, stand
The saints and worthies of the land,
 Who aid the weal
Of Christendom, with heart and voice,—
And whilst with her they can rejoice,
 With her they feel.

Amid those servants tried and true,
Who hold their glorious Lord in view,
 Her course she made ;
And glistening to her ravished sight,
Were Zion's pinnacles of light,
 In pomp arrayed.

The sun that circled round thy way,
Shone not with an averted ray,
 On path like thine ;
For Christ, the great and polar star,
Gilded thy horizon from far,
 With beams divine.

And then the chamber where thine eye
 Looked full on immortality—
 The gate of death !
 Ascending on the wings of prayer,
 Who might not hear in whispers, there
 Thy parting breath.

That presence chamber ! 'twas a seat
 Where Jesus deigned thy soul to greet,
 With looks of love :
 And thence he bade thy spirit come
 With welcome to his heavenly home,
 In worlds above.

“ For I am in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ ; which is far better.”—PHIL. i. 23.

THE SPIRIT OF THE BREEZE.

SPIRIT of nature's home !
 Thou whose light wing
 Of iris-hues doth to our being come,
 And softly fling
 Thy dreamy mantle o'er our thought's imagining.

Whether o'er mountains rude, thy track is made,
 Through clouds of night,
 Or whether wide spread regions are displayed

To charm thy sight,
In prairies vast and drear,
Like ocean sleeping there,
Those ample fields for thee, yield visions of delight.

Spirit of nature's home, thy form we greet,
Thy voice attend,
For thou canst sooth the breast with accents sweet,
Like the heart's friend :—
Thy numbers softly swell, and airs of heaven
Methinks I feel,—
Like soothing balm to drooping nature given,
Her woes to heal.
I listen, and thy voice like breath of even,
Doth o'er me steal.

Again thy numbers flow, and swift as thought,
The summer wind
From its far chambers brought,
Doth soon unbind
The spell-bound trance of earth and loose the springs of mind.

Welcome thou summer air,
Herald of joy !
With light, and life, and fragrance on thy wing,
Unlike the zephyrs coy,
Thy blithe and buoyant soul doth showers of blessing fling.

Nature ! thy garnished home,
Each loved recess,
Each favorite dweller of the wilderness,
Each benison of earth, each living ray
That finds below its birth,
Or pours from heaven the day :

All things in earth below and heaven above,
 Speak with the voice of praise, the wondrous name of Love !

“ He causeth the vapours to ascend from the ends of the earth ; he maketh lightnings for the rain ; he bringeth the wind out of his treasures.”—*PSALM cxxxv. 7.*

“ Who hath ascended up into heaven, or descended ? who hath gathered the wind in his fists ? who hath bound the waters in a garment ? who hath established all the ends of the earth ? what is his name, and what is his son’s name, if thou canst tell ?”—*PROV. xxx. 4.*



A FRIEND.

I HAILED a christian patriarch on his way ;
 His form was reverend, and his locks were grey :
 His beaming eye, his voice of melting tone
 Made each young heart that won his smile his own.
 Around him gathering circles loved to meet,
 And catch his words, like honey pure and sweet ;
 They waited on his bidding—and might see
 In him displayed, each nice propriety ;
 They loved to search his store-house, and to find
 The treasured gleanings of a vigorous mind :
 His house received the stranger, and his heart
 Like Mary’s, sought and chose the better part ;
 Methinks he holds that treasure, for his Lord
 In spirit oft is present at his board,
 And consecrates his dwelling, and maintains
 That gift of peace which in His people reigns.

“ Abide in me, and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine ; no more can ye, except ye abide in me.”—*JOHN xv. 4.*

THE "GOLDEN-MOUTHED."

Who is it that on eagle wings,
Aloft would soar ?
Who, like the lark that quivering, sings,
Would music pour ?

Who like the nightingale, could trill
Those accents lone ?
And all the depths of ether fill
With that full tone ?

The power of eloquence it tells—
Its matchless praise !
Now low it falls, now loudly swells,
And softly plays.

What blandishments could melt like these,
The ravished ear ?
And sooth the soul with symphonies
Sublime and clear ?

Thy liquid lore, of winning charm,
With taste combined,
And feeling, from the heart-springs warm,
Portrayed thy mind.

That gush of feeling, full and free
Like mountain rill,
Flowed from its well-head, liberty—
And flowed at will.

Brightly thy spirit winged its way
 Through shadowy time ;
 Small is our span and short our day—
 Its worth sublime !

On memories of the lofty dead,
 We pass with care ;
 And whilst upon their dust we tread,
 We breathe a prayer

That genius may to heaven aspire,
 From whence it came ;
 And speak with every high desire—
 Messiah's name !

“And the Lord said unto him, Who hath made man's mouth? or who maketh the dumb, or deaf, or the seeing, or the blind? have not I the LORD?”—
 Exodus iv. 11.



THE HOUSEHOLD MINSTREL.

MINSTREL of the *Household* fane,
 Where the mild Penates reign ;
 Minstrel breathing truth and love,
 Where the gentle zephyrs rove,
 See! the flag of truce is thine,
 Pilgrim at Devotion's shrine.

Liberty on soaring wing,
 Doth thy spirit love to sing ;
 Freedom to the captive brought,
 Fills thy varied field of thought ;
 Admonitions to the heart,
 Thy instructive themes impart ;
 Whilst thy musings can supply
 Thoughts of warm sincerity ;
 And illumed with kindred zeal,
 Thou wouldst bid the obdurate feel.

See the slave with sable brow !
 Fetters all his spirit bow ;—
 See the brand that lives to tell
 Tales of Satan's manacle !
 O'er the wounds that speak of woe,
 Look what melting tear-drops flow !
 Thou wouldst waken hearts of stone
 To the tales of sorrow's moan :—
 " Children of affliction's hour
 " Rise from death's enthralling power !"

Forms there be, a shining band—
 Circling graces, hand in hand,—
 These like genii, smiling round,
 In thy cultured garden found—
 Gentle genii cheer thy way
 To the realms of heavenly day.

Minstrel of the *Household* fane !
 Where the mild Penates reign,
 Minstrel breathing truth and love !
 Where the gentle zephyrs rove,

See ! the flag of truce is thine,
Pilgrim at Devotion's shrine !

"Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty."—2 Cor. iii. 17.

A SON OF FREEDOM.

THE World's Convention do thy numbers sing ?
Of vast design ;
Where noble souls their heart-felt tributes bring
To virtue's shrine,
And ask for each devoted offering,
A crown divine !

Thy soaring muse has gathered in her train,
A princely band,—
Spirits that through our being's empire reign,
And boldly stand
Where Satan vainly struggles to maintain
A captive land.

The World's Convention comes—with powerful arm
They strike the blow,
The fire of zeal within their bosoms warm,
No chill may know ;—
Salvation pours her floods—then what may harm
When these o'erflow.

Hark ! for the Lord of liberty and love,
 The Prince of Peace
 Bids streams of mercy towards our dwellings move,
 With blest increase ;—
 Then may the Spirit, heaven's own gracious Dove,
 Speak full release !

“ I, *even* I, *am* he that comforteth you : who *art* thou, that thou shouldest be afraid of a man *that* shall die, and of the son of man *which* shall be made *as* grass ; and forgettest the LORD thy maker, that hath stretched forth the heavens, and laid the foundations of the earth ; and hast feared continually every day because of the fury of the oppressor, as if he were ready to destroy ? and where *is* the fury of the oppressor ? The captive exile hasteneth that he may be loosed, and that he should not die in the pit, nor that his bread should fail. But I *am* the LORD thy God, that divided the sea, whose waves roared ; The LORD of hosts *is* his name.”—ISAIAH li. 12-15.

GAIUS.

WITH pure and lovely things thy name we blend,
 The orphan's hope, forsaken Judah's friend !
 Like gleaning grapes upon the topmost bough,
 Thy hand would gather outcast Israel now,
 To furnish well the vintage—for thy Lord
 Appoints his servants, and they speak his word :
 Star of the orphan's hope, and Zion's friend !
 With lovely things and pure, thy name we blend.

Thrice happy is that servant on whose head
 A royal benison by heaven is shed ;
 The blessing of the poor, whilst rich in faith,
 They call down dews with every suppliant breath ;

And heaven has blessed thy borders, and on thee
 Shines forth the sun of immortality.
 Thy board is largely furnished, and behold !
 Thy crook of love brings wanderers to the fold ;
 Jesus himself is with thee, and his love
 Has tinged thy hopes below, and fixed thy heart above.

A blessing on thy dwelling, heaven-born saint !
 What pencil may thy upward journey paint ?
 What hand portray thy birthright ?—grace divine
 Makes all thy heritage with lustre shine ;
 And thou hast proved thy title—for thy soul
 Has learned to drink salvation's flowing bowl ;
 Jesus himself has fill'd it, and his hand
 Has gifts of earth and heaven at His command.
 Thus thou shalt have much silver, and thine eye
 Shall see thy garners filled with large supply ;
 Whilst as the pebbles of the brook, for thee
 Shall gold of Ophir fill thy treasury ;
 Yea, and the Almighty God, thy sovereign King,
 Thy sure defence shall guard thee with his wing,
 And thou shalt lift thy face, and prayer shall rise
 On wings of full acceptance, to the skies ;
 Thy vows shall there be paid, whilst light and love
 Shine on thy pathway to the courts above :—
 Heaven's grand decree shall then thy work confess,
 Accepted in the Saviour's righteousness.

“ Then said he also to him that bade him, When thou makest a dinner or a supper, call not thy friends, nor thy brethren, neither thy kinsmen, nor *thy* rich neighbours ; lest they also bid thee again, and a recompense be made thee. But when thou makest a feast, call the poor, the maimed, the blind : and thou shalt be blessed ; for they cannot recompense thee : for thou shalt be recompensed at the resurrection of the just.”—LUKE xiv. 12-14.

A VOICE FROM THE WEST.

THOU who with gentle touch, dost wake a sound
Melodious, clear !
Thou who with accents sweet, dost breathe a name
To true hearts dear !
Oh let me greet thee, as thy melting strain
Salutes mine ear !

Thy muse has power
To bless the hour,
When Jesus is thy glory and thy theme ;
And theme like this, may well
Around our spirits dwell
With more refined delight than poet's fabled dream.

Thou dost record
His potent word,
Who spake—and blind Bartimeus hailed the day :—
Jesus in passing by,
With mercy in His eye,
Poured on the darkened sense, a new and living ray.

Well may we bid thee joy of verse like thine !
And though in flowery ways,
Where fancy's vision strays,
Thy spirit oft may drink ethereal bliss ;
Yet once again sound forth
Thy strains of passing worth
On things divine,

Thus shall the Saviour's name
 Thy loftiest tribute claim,
 And where thy archives dwell, with fair perfections shine.

"And they came to Jericho ; and as he went out of Jericho with his disciples, and a great number of people, blind Bartimeus, the son of Timeus, sat by the high-way side begging."—MARK x. 46.



THE LANDSCAPE PAINTER.

A POET picturing all he sees,
 With master skill !
 I see him as he drinks the evening breeze
 On yonder hill.

Look how his tablets shine ! in fair array,
 His thoughts steal on ;
 His soul now mused on the break of day,
 And heaven's clear sun.

He marks the silver moon's majestic mein—
 The planets bright,
 Which walking in her train, with glittering sheen
 Adorn the night.

Look on that spangled firmament, the seat
 Of worlds sublime ;
 To poet's mind like his, 'tis passing sweet
 Aloft to climb

Where contemplation lingers, to survey,
The starry host,
Amid the splendours of their proud array,
In wonder lost.

Spring, summer, autumn, winter in their course,
Thy soul could teach ;
Whilst a still voice from their eternal Source,
Thine ear could reach.

Hail to the bright-winged hours that cross his path
In nature's home ;
He sings of blessings breathing gentle breath,
Where poets roam.—

Like that fair mother of a royal line,
Of constant truth,
Whose lineaments in sacred scripture shine,
And speak her *ruth*,

Amid the reapers, where the golden grain
Rich promise gives,
Behold a maiden fairest of the train,
Whose lap receives

A rich, abundant gleanings for the lord
Of that good land,
Has look'd with favour on her, and his word
Of kind command,

Has fill'd her earthly storehouse ;—like His smile
Beaming with love,
That bids us each bereavement reconcile,
Which heaven above,

In its bright counsels orders ;—as the way
 Desert and lone,
 That pilgrims traverse when they seek the day,
 Leads to a throne.

Creation fill'd thy spirit with her strains,
 Well toned and clear ;
 For music 'mid her boundless empire reigns,
 To poets dear,

And to the christian welcome—whilst his tongue,
 His vital breath
 Delights that God to mention in his song,
 Who conquers death.

“Thou didst cleave the fountain and the flood: thou driedst up mighty rivers. The day is thine, the night also is thine: thou hast prepared the light and the sun. Thou hast set all the borders of the earth; thou hast made summer and winter.”—PSALM lxxiv. 15-17.



THE SACRED FABULIST.

THOU enigmatic painter ! could it be
 That skill like thine,
 Might bring to light the soul's deep mystery,
 And themes divine ?—
 Truth rests beneath dark problems—and her seat
 At yon deep well-head lies—her lov'd retreat.

Thou couldst delineate the human breast,
 And picture well,
The enemies that hold with large unrest,
 Her citadel :
Rebellion and the dark allies of sin
Keep sure possession of the posts within.

Thou couldst portray the pitfalls and the snares
 Along life's road,
The gay enchantments and the busy cares
 That lead from God :—
Thou wouldst erect new way-marks to express
The turnings on the road of happiness.

The mask of folly and each devious way
 Of passion's child,—
How vanity goes forth in proud array,
 By self beguiled ;—
Earth and her thousand woes, thy graphic pen
Outlined in truth, before the gaze of men.

The church in her vicissitudes, thy gaze
 Could well descry ;
Her steps in flowery and in thorny ways,
 With lessons high,
Thy faithful pencil paints to teach the observant eye.

The candle of the soul doth brightly shine,
When kindled by a spark of light divine,
 And trimm'd with care :
Its flame thy mind could trace,
When quickened by that grace
Which bids our spirits see how heavenly things are fair.

Thy emblems of the heart
 May well impart
 Truth in the drapery of fiction, drest ;
 Whilst to the eye and ear,
 Each well-drawn character
 Has power its mystic tale in fable, to express.

Then teach us yet again !
 And let each melting strain
 Its music trill ;
 For parables like thine,
 With wisdom's signet shine,
 And on our senseless souls, their hallowed grace distil.

Heaven and her worlds of liberty and love
 Thine eye could see ;
 Throughout her universe of light to rove
 Had charms for thee ;
 And many a spirit captured at thy will,
 Has drank its draught of thought at Zion's holy hill.

"Then said he unto me, Son of man, hast thou seen what the ancients of the house of Israel do in the dark, every man in the chambers of his imagery?"—EZEK. viii. 12.

JOHN THE BAPTIST.

BRIGHT herald of the dawn ! thy cheering ray
 Poured on the gloom :
 'Twas thine to usher in immortal day
 That gilds the tomb.

Thou harbinger of blessing! from thy wing
 Bedewed with grace,
'Twas thine a shower of hallowed thought to fling
 Around the place

Where He should then inhabit, who is Lord
 Of earth and heaven ;
Veiled in that shadowing clay, the incarnate Word
 For trespass given.

The world lay in its blood—since Adam's curse
 Had wrought its ill ;
And tides of woe, unkindly and perverse,
 Flowed on at will.

Dark, boding clouds of unbelief and sin
 Marched in thy train ;
Whilst thou didst walk in beauty—and bring in
 Messiah's reign.

Amid the wilderness thy steps were led ;
 And meekly there
Thy spirit feasted, as its daily bread,
 On praise and prayer.

Robed in thy simple vestments, and sustained
 By saving grace,
What heights of holy thought thy spirit gained,
 In that lone place !

'Twas thine to call, with heaven-invested power,
 In accents clear ;
" Repent ! repent ! 'tis mercy's chosen hour,
 " Let sinners fear !"

Once clothed in thy high office, thou didst stand
 In Jordan's flood ;
 And there, submissive to the law's demand,
 The Lamb of God

Passed the baptismal wave, whilst on His head
 The Spirit-Dove
 Did from His wings, celestial fragrance shed—
 The Father's love.

But now thy work is done—a ruthless hand
 Has bowed thy head ;
 And thou hast joined the martyr's royal band—
 The sainted dead !

Thy way was winged for glory—and the tomb
 Was light for thee ;
 Gone are the shades of earth—exchanged her gloom
 For immortality !

“ He was a burning and a shining light : and ye were willing for a season
 to rejoice in his light.”—JOHN v. 35.



MARY MAGDALENE.

THOU who with tearful mein and gentle tread,
 Didst seek at early morn, the Saviour's lowly bed—
 Thy watchful eye
 Might there descry
 Illumed by heavenly light, the chamber of the dead.

Darkness with shadowing pall,
Was mantling all—
Silence and darkness held their mystic sway ;
But love like thine, could well
Amid those precincts dwell,
Whence He, thy risen Lord, had winged his heavenly way.

What visions of the past,
By memory's shadow cast,
Thy soul might fill !
When once, in evil hour,
Satanic wrath and power
Could bind at will ;
And through the empire of thy being roam,
And make within that shrine, a dwelling and a home.

Within that faithful breast,
And with dark woes opprest,
What records glow !
For on thy tutored eye
The scene of Calvary
Doth ever and anon, its dark reflection throw.

And memory whispers there,
Of visions passing fair,—
Of words of love ;
Of tenderness and grace,
With beamings of that face
Which still on sinners looks, in mercy from above.

Peace to thy soul !
For through those pulses move
The springs of love
That will not brook control ;
When He the Saviour speaks, and makes thy spirit whole.

Peace to thy soul !
 Earth's shadows now are flown,—
 Darkness and death
 And shades of night are gone ;
 And Jesus smiles upon thee—peace divine,
 A heritage of grace, and heaven's pure joys are thine.

“The first *day* of the week cometh Mary Magdalene early, when it was yet dark, unto the sepulchre, and seeth the stone taken away from the sepulchre.”—JOHN xx. 1.

THE APOSTLE JOHN.

THAT saintly form a saintly spirit shows—
 That shadowy eye, that brow of deep repose ;
 That look of truth and peace in sorrow's hour
 Our hearts draw near, and own a chastening power.

Yes, thou hast been with Jesus, when His voice
 Bade thee in all his fulness, to rejoice ;
 Yes, thou hast been with Jesus, when thy soul
 Drank to its very dregs, affliction's bowl ;
 'Twas thine to walk beside Him, as He trod
 Life's shadowy vale, returning home to God ;
 'Twas thine to tread the mount, when veiled from sight,
 The Saviour shone in robes of living light ;
 'Twas thine reposing on that faithful breast,
 To find in Him, thy refuge and thy rest :
 Methinks I see thee in thy spring-tide bloom,
 Like nature's fragrant beauty round the tomb.

And thou wast in the garden, when with sweat
 Like drops of falling blood, the earth was wet ;

Creation groaned, and bowed the astonished head
 To see her Lord, whose soul with anguish bled ;
 Redemption's Lord was there—and Satan's power
 For conquest strove, in that stupendous hour.
 Methinks beside His cross I see thee stand,
 And foremost in the mourner's drooping band ;—
 That flood of bursting anguish—and the tear
 That falls with trembling, on His hallowed bier.
 Thou too wast by, when on each awe-struck soul,
 That spirit-presence with new wonder stole ;
 And thou didst greet that presence—and adore
 Thy bleeding Lord, who thus our trespass bore ;
 Thy Lord ascending from the bands of death,
 Who breathed His blessing on you with His breath.
 We hail that quickening spirit ! whilst a ray
 Of heaven's own radiance, pours the perfect day—
 We bless the name of Jesus, and we greet
 Those words of mercy, full and soft and sweet ;
 We praise that risen Saviour, and proclaim
 With lips of joy, the great Redeemer's name.

“ When Jesus therefore saw his mother, and the disciple standing by whom he loved, he saith unto his mother, Woman, behold thy son ! ”—*JOHN* xix. 26.

“ And to know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge, that ye might be filled with all the fulness of God. ”—*EPHES.* iii. 19.

THE APOSTLE PAUL.

A PLANET shining with a light
 Of source divine ;
 And pouring on the shades of night
 Those rays benign !

A planet kindled by the sun
With living glow ;
Reflecting down its benison
On worlds below !

A planet in its heavenly way,
Like duty true ;
Whilst living lustres round it play
To charm the view.

A planet ! and a light sent forth
Its path to fill ;
To beautify and bless the earth,
At God's own will !

Such have we seen, and such is man
When saving grace
With eyes enlightened, we may scan—
And learn to trace

The dealings of creation's Lord,
Whose sovereign might,
In the beginning spake the word—
“ Let there be light ! ”

Illumined thus our eyes have seen
The human breast ;
And saints within the church have been,
Whose lives attest

That grace and glory from on high,
Have crowned their days ;
Whilst tuned to heaven's blest harmony
They offered praise.

Hear now ! a great Apostle speaks—
His word of power
Upon the awakened spirit breaks—
“ Redeem the hour ! ”

This chief apostle speaks—“ Behold
Redemption’s Cross ! ”
Each earthly bliss of worth untold,
He counts as dross :

Faith in the Saviour’s precious blood
His lips confess ;
“ Ye sinners ! plunge beneath that flood
Whose wave can bless ! ”

From hearts attuned to praise and prayer,
Let tributes rise ;
Like altar-breathing incense, there
They reach the skies.

Then may the Comforter descend,
And life impart ;
Whilst peace and love their unction lend
To crown the heart.

“ *There is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars: for one star differeth from another star in glory.*”—1 COR. xv. 41.

L'ENVOIE.

A SONNET.

BELOVED shades farewell ! your converse high,
Hath solaced many an hour for silence made ;—
Your forms methinks, in hues of light arrayed,
Have lent their wings to lift me to the sky :
I love to think that souls like yours, are nigh
When sleep steals o'er me in the evening shade,
And warblers all, are silent in the glade,—
Then silvery strains like yours, their charm supply.
And truths your spirits breathe—ye sacred dead !
Truth, that in memory's land, with fragrance dwells ;—
For ye can speak of Him, our glorious Head,
Whose whisper in the breast, its sweet tale tells :—
Then let us wake the music of His name,
Whilst ransomed saints in bliss His unbought love proclaim !

REAL NAMES.

THE Author has now the pleasure of introducing to the reader her real friends ; and if at any time he may deem that she has embellished the statue of Truth with draperies of her own imaginings, she would refer him to Lord Bacon as her apologist :* she trusts, also, that the introduction of Sacred Scripture will not prove either irrelevant in purpose or irreverend in manner ; but that, as the salt which seasoned the temple offerings, it may lend a hallowed virtue to the pages of this little volume.

	PAGE.
The Queen	1
Prince Albert	3
The Queen Dowager	4
The Princess Charlotte	6
J. W. Fletcher	8
Mary Fletcher	<i>ib.</i>
Henry Jephson, M.D.	10
J. C. Lavater †	<i>ib.</i>
L. E. L.	13
John Foster	15
Bishop Heber	17

* See page xv.

† For the *Christian* portraiture of this author, see *Memoirs of J. C. Lavater*, by P. J. Heisch, Esq.

	PAGE.
Felicia D. Hemans	20
Joseph John Gurney	22
Dr. Johnson	24
Charlotte Elizabeth	26
William Wordsworth	29
Private.—S. W.	32
Hannah More	34
Captain S——	35
Martha Moore	36
William Wilberforce	38
Caroline Southey (late Bowles)	39
A well-known Author, &c.	42
George Whitfield	45
Augustus Toplady	48
A Fancy Piece	49
George Fox	50
James Montgomery	ib.
M. A. Schimmelpenninck	52
Old Humphrey	54
Alexander Pope	57
Henry Martyn	59
Richard Hooker	61
Anna Jameson	63
William Tell	65
Private.—S. H.	67
Dr. Watts	69
William Cruden	71
Joseph Addison	72
Mary Queen of Scots	75
John Milton	76
John Newton	79
William Cowper	81
Thomas Scott	84

REAL NAMES.

203

	PAGE.
Lady Jane Grey	86
Archbishop Fenelon	87
Oliver Cromwell	89
Lord Bacon	92
Dr. Doddridge	94
Mary Howitt	96
Philip Melancthon	98
Erasmus	100
The Baroness de Stäel	101
Bishop Butler	103
Elizabeth Fry	104
A Fancy Piece	106
Napoleon Buonaparte	<i>ib.</i>
Martin Luther	108
M. J. Fletcher (late Jewsbury)	110
John Bunyan	113
Fanny d'Arblay (late Burney)	116
Tom Thumb	119
Dr. Arnold	121
Queen Elizabeth	125
James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd	128
Henry Kirke White	131
Jane Taylor	132
John Wesley	135
Oliver Goldsmith	136
Robert Burns	138
Amelia Opie	140
Dr. H.	142
Legh Richmond	143
Heinrich Jung Stilling	146
Mary Russell Mitford	147
Robert Hall	152
Bishop Pearson	155

	PAGE.
Dr. Dale	157
William Penn	159
William Allen	161
General Washington	164
Caroline Wilson (late Fry)	165
James Montgomery. A second Portrait	167
Agnes Strickland	169
Dr. Young	171
Hannah More. A second Portrait	172
Merle d'Aubigné	174
The Countess of Huntingdon	176
W. C. Bryant	178
Private, E. P.	180
Edmund Burke	181
Bernard Barton	182
J. G. Whittier	184
Count Von der Recke	185
H. W. Longfellow	187
James Thompson	188
Francis Quarles	190
John the Baptist	192
Mary Magdalene	194
The Apostle John	196
The Apostle Paul	197
L'Envoie	200

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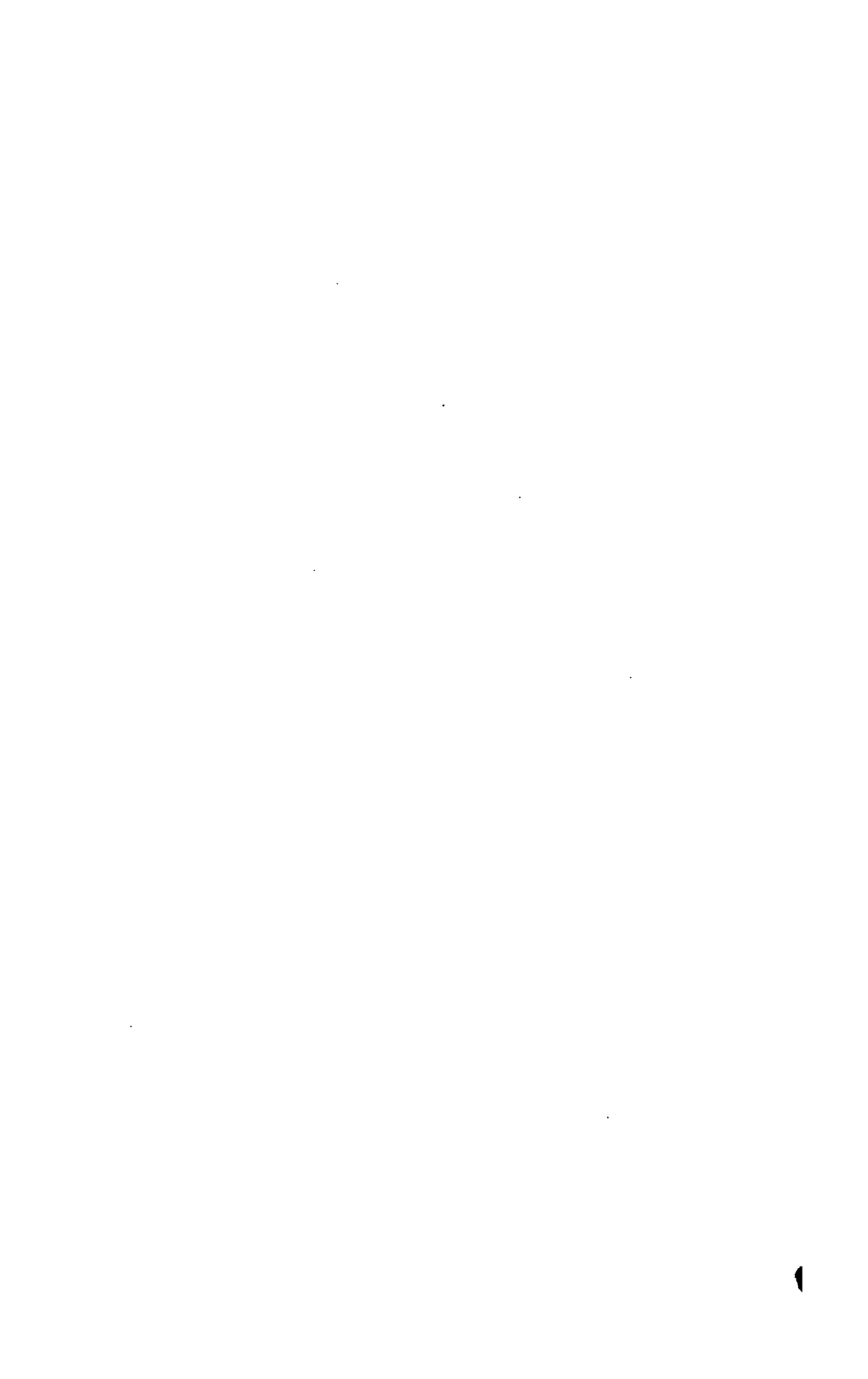
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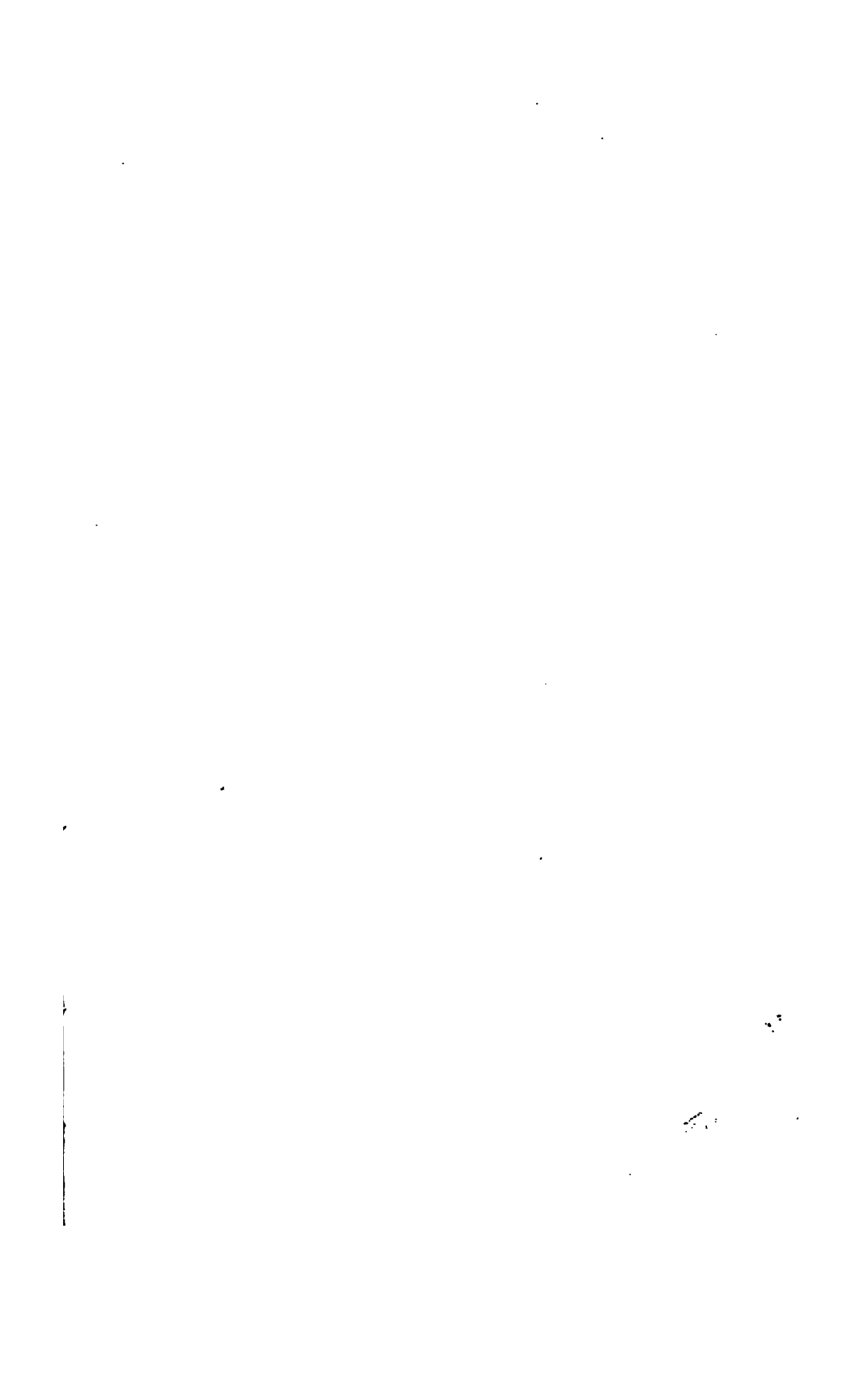
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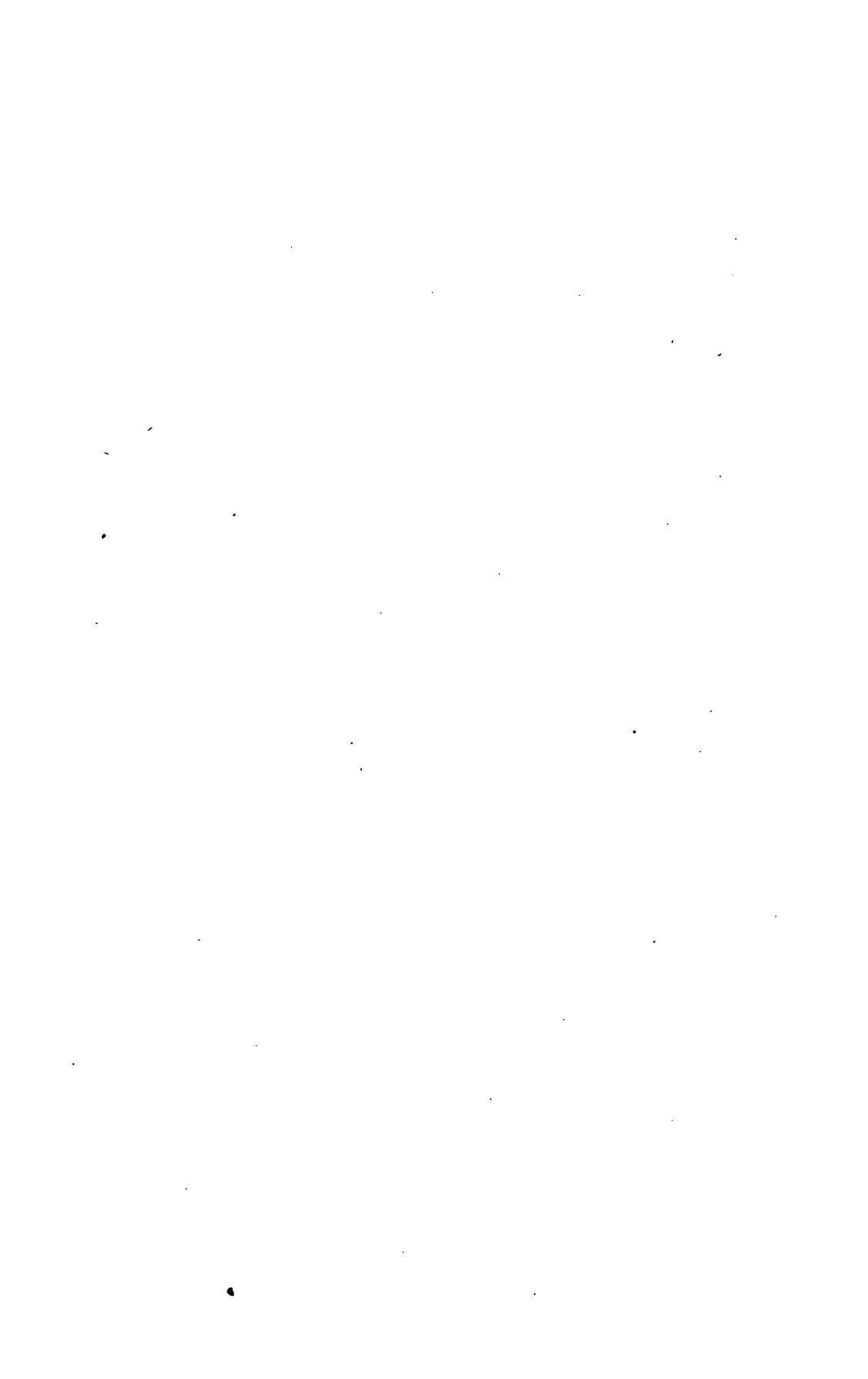
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